

The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

NUMBER 1385

SOME

=Summer Bargains=

THAT ARE QUITE ATTRACTIVE

- 15 pieces Fancy White Goods reduced from 12½ and 15c to.....10c per yard
- All White Parasols at 25 per cent discount.
- 15 pieces 10-c Lawns, mostly dark.....5c per yard
- 8 pieces figured Cotton Crapes for Kimonos—regular 18-c goods, at half price.....9c per yard
- One lot 50-cent Collar and Cuff Sets.....35c

Agent's Samples Muslin Underwear 1-4 Off

There are some rare bargains left in this lot. We wish to close out every piece, therefore shall continue the 25 per cent reduction through this week, or until every piece is sold

Davis & Kishlar

Hot Weather Clothes

Outing Suits

Nothing more comfortable, dressy or serviceable than one of those blue serge, two piece suits, also many handsome patterns in gray worsteds, tweeds and cassimeres. Priced from.....\$8.00 to \$16.00

Outing Trousers

Men's and Young Men's fancy flannel trousers,.....\$1.50 to \$4.00

Outing Shirts

Attached and detached collars, for negligee wear,.....50c to \$2.50

Straw Hats, Summer Hosiery, Neckwear

IN GREAT VARIETY

C. S. WORTLEY & Co



You Can't Go Wrong

in coming to our store when you are in want of Shoes. Our stock is replete with new and fresh goods of the most desirable kinds.

Old customers know it and stay with us. New customers find it out and multiply.

Come in and look us over.

P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemen

Frank Smith's Ice Cream

tastes better in summer than in winter. He still gives a ten-cent dish for five cents, of the best that can be made of Pure Cream.

And remember also that the greatest possible care is used in preparing Physicians' and Domestic Prescriptions, and you will find that it pays to go for root things to

...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Prices paid by dealers.
Prices on cereals and wool are given by Moonman & Huston.

YPSILANTI, July 19, 1906.	
Wheat.....	70¢/70
Corn, ears.....	52¢/30
shelled.....	52¢/36
Oats.....	32¢/36
Rye.....	50¢/36
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.....	1 00¢/25
Clover seed.....	5 00¢/27 00
Timothy seed.....	1 75¢/23 00
Hay.....	5 00¢/25 00
Beans.....	1 00¢/21 40
Potatoes, new.....	75¢/80
Butter.....	16¢/18
Eggs.....	16
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	9½
Pork, dressed.....	7½/28
Hams.....	9½/24
Hides, W. B.....	10
Wool unwashed.....	30¢/38
Spring chickens, live, W. B.....	14
Fowls.....	9
Turkeys, live.....	16

HERE MENTION.

The Ypsilanti Telephones—Office No. 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Mrs. Elsie Champion returned from a month's visit with friends at Huntington, West Va., this week.

Miss Edith Batterson and Harlie A. Hiatt of Indianapolis, Ind., were married Thursday by Rev. Eugene Allen.

Mrs. Joseph Huttig and children have been spending the week at Monroe.

The Presbyterian Young People's League met Thursday with Miss Celeste Eddy. After papers on the Philippines by Miss Eddy and Hunan by Alger Abel music and visiting occupied a delightful evening.

Mrs. J. P. Westfall of Niles has been visiting her son, Dr. F. E. Westfall.

The Detroit district camp meeting of the Free Methodist church will hold their annual camp meeting at the Peninsular grove, Aug. 1-8. Tents will be for rent, and board and lodging will be furnished on the grounds at low rates; but campers must furnish bedding. Straw, poles and lumber will be free. W. C. Muffit, presiding elder, of Spring Arbor, will be among the ministers present.

Don Comstock has returned from Benton Harbor.

Mrs. Allie Austin of Plymouth spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Waterman.

The grappling hooks recently ordered by the council have arrived and are effective in appearance.

The W. H. M. S. of the M. E. church meets Friday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Earl, Ballard street.

Miss Alvina Seleska of Denton, who was well known here, died Saturday, aged 17 years.

Miss Eva Wainwright is at Lake Orion.

Miss Leone Waterman entertained Friday for her guest, Miss Virginia Cloyd of Streator, Ill.

Miss Luella M. Burton, state factory inspector for factories that employ women, was in the city last week and found the Ypsilanti factories observing the law and providing well for the comfort of their employees.

M. L. VanBuren, the popular night-watchman at the Normal, has returned from a visit with his daughter at Greenville. Mrs. VanBuren is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. H. Murdock in Detroit.

Born, July 14, to Dr. and Mrs. A. L. McGough of Detroit, a daughter. Mrs. McGough was Miss Mary Wortley of this city.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder is expected home to-day from Chicago.

Mrs. R. M. Cooper has gone to the Upper Peninsula to visit her sister, Mrs. Mallette at Manistiquie. She will also visit at the Soo and Charlevoix.

Miss Anna Towner has returned from Norway and other Upper Peninsula towns.

Capt. E. P. Allen went to Sharon Friday to attend the reunion of the old residents of the Morse-Allen school district. About eighty people were present and a delightful day was spent in reminiscence and speaking and enjoying a bountiful dinner.

An effort is being made to organize an Ypsilanti city baseball team, with numerous high school and other players.

Miss Margie Daniels returned last week from a two weeks' visit at Gregory.

Miss Bernice German is visiting her aunt at Willow.

Martin Boatman and family have moved to Detroit.

Miss Lilly Strong of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her father, Prof. E. A. Strong.

Dr. S. M. Eaton and family have returned to Battle Creek.

Warren Rogers, president of the U. of M. Y. M. C. A. will speak at Starkweather hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Mrs. S. H. Dodge of Lansing and S. E. Dodge of Detroit are Ypsilanti visitors.

Miss Lillian Weinmann is visiting in Iowa and Lyleth Turnbull is acting cashier in Davis & Kishlar's store.

Miss Elsie Brown, teacher of drawing at Houghton, is visiting the Zeta Phi

Sorority, which held a picnic for her Monday.

Hon. P. H. Kelley of Lansing was in town Monday.

Hon. Charles E. Townsend of Jackson will be one of the speakers at the Picnic at Arbeiter Grove, July 31. Rev. Wm. Gardam, Frank McIntyre, the noted actor, Rev. Frs. McIntrye and Goldrick, and Jim Harkins are on the program. Music afternoon and evening by a good orchestra. The grove has been donated by the Arbeiter society.

Miss May Creech entertained Tuesday for Miss Nettie Davidson of Marine City.

The Training school closes Friday.

Gov. Fred Warner will address the students at Normal Hall Tuesday afternoon at 4. Citizens are cordially invited. Prof. D'Ooge will give stereopticon talks on Greek Art Monday and Tuesday evenings, and Col. French will lecture afternoons and evenings the rest of the week.

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority were guests of Miss Jean Deming at Wayne last evening.

Mrs. H. Camp is visiting near Pontiac. Mrs. Sarah Osband is the guest of Mrs. Karl Judson at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Slocum of Caro were Ypsilanti visitors Tuesday.

The Ann Arbor Masons have invited Phoenix Lodge to attend their picnic at Whitmore Lake, Aug. 16.

Miss Emma Childs leaves soon for Faribault, Minn., where she has a fine position to supervise the menus at a home for defective children of wealthy parents.

John Hewitt has returned to Humboldt, Ariz.

W. B. Eddy and family are at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Lois Leetch is at Bay View.

Misses Lucretia and Caroline Case are guests of Dr. E. C. Case at Niagara Falls.

Mesdames E. B. and F. W. Fuller, who have been visiting their father, Fred Warner, left yesterday for Chicago.

Miss Julia Aikin is very low at Grace hospital, Detroit.

The Dixboro Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Wm. Fair in Ypsilanti next Thursday.

William Geer, aged about 50 years, was brought here for burial from Oak Grove Tuesday. He formerly lived on Prospect avenue and was the father of Mrs. Fred Voorhees of this city. Older residents remember him with esteem.

Letters have been received from Misses Mary and Ruth Putnam, mailed from Gibraltar. They were having a delightful trip.

Tuesday evening a charming musicale was given at Normal Hall under the direction of Prof. Pease. Milton Cook, Hugo Kirchhofer, Mrs. Annis Gray, and Miss Isabella Gareissen sang delightfully and were encored again and again. Prof. Pease acting as accompanist. Miss Blanche Abbott gave two piano solos with brilliance. Prof. F. A. Barbour gave part of his admirable lecture on "The Educative Value of Music," showing that music is closely bound up with all forms of emotion and is the best form of expressing the emotions of love, joy, grief, courage and patriotism and religion. The theme was worked out with many illustrations.

Mrs. E. Covert, Misses Ina Harris and Ida Covert leave to-morrow for a visit at Farmersville, N. Y.

Several of the Congregational Sunday school classes will hold a social Saturday on the parsonage lawn in honor of Miss Ethel McCurdy.

Mrs. Rose Engel and Mrs. George Hayes spent yesterday at the hospital at Ann Arbor with Mrs. Charles Krzyzski, who is recovering from an operation.

Rev. Dr. B. F. Aldrich was obliged to return at once to Wauson, O., from Detroit and could not come to this city.

Invitations are out for the marriage, Aug. 1 at Burr Oak, of Miss Matilda Bower of the Ypsilanti high school faculty to C. E. McNeamar.

Mrs. Ida Lamkin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Kelley, at Attica. Mr. Kelley has been making a great hit this summer in "His Honor, the Mayor" in New York. Mrs. Kelley will join him in a few weeks.

Richard T. Wyche, who so delighted great audiences at the Normal last week, is spending this week at the Mt. Pleasant Normal and goes next week to the western Normal at Kalamazoo.

The Queen Esther Circle will hold a sale of home-baked goods in the dining room of the Methodist church next Saturday from 10 to 3 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Dr. T. W. McLean of Joliet, Ill., is visiting his former parishioners of St. Luke's church.

Miss Alma Rambo has gone to Denver, Colorado.

Rev. A. J. Hutchins went to Morenci to-day to perform the ceremony at the wedding of E. H. Wisner, Normal '06, of Clayton, and Miss Farley of Morenci, a graduate of Kalamazoo College. They will live at Gladstone, where Mr. Wisner is principal of schools.

Mrs. E. E. Jenness has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Sayles at Douglass, Mich. Mrs. F. F. VanTuyt of Detroit accompanied her.

Miss Elizabeth Milspaugh of Montgomery, Ala., will spend the next few

weeks with her mother, Mrs. Mary Milspaugh.

Frank Wilbur and family have returned to Charlotte.

Mrs. C. W. Childs is visiting Mrs. G. M. Beckington at Garden Prairie, Ill.

Edwin and Arthur Hunt of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting their grandfather, N. B. Perkins.

M. L. Vining was down from Jackson, this week.

Maj. Britton, Sergts. Peck, and Sheldon, Privates Foster and LeFurge, have gone to Port Huron to take part in the national guard target shooting contest to choose the Michigan team for the national contest at Sea Girt, N. J.

Mrs. F. A. Barbour and daughter are visiting at Marquette.

Miss Alice Moore entertained twenty young ladies at her home Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Carrie Bowen, who returned to her studies at Moody Institute, Chicago, Tuesday. A pleasant afternoon was spent.

Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, died Monday, aged two years. The funeral was at Northfield.

Twenty-six citizens who have been sprinkling lawns without paying lawn tax have been notified to pay up on pain of having all their water turned off.

Miss Mabel Robbins of Battle Creek is visiting Mrs. John McDougall.

Mrs. Sarah McKenzie, who has been teaching for some years at Fish Haven, Ida., is visiting her brother, Lewis Warner.

Two carloads of summer school students made the trip to Put-in-Bay Saturday with Prof. Sherzer's science class. This week comes the Niagara Falls excursion.

Denton defeated Eloise at baseball at Prospect Park, 10 to 3. Schlicht and Smith were the victorious battery. This Saturday they expect to play the Normal at the campus.

August Schlegel is spending his vacation at Bridgewater and Grand Lodge.

The Normal Y. W. C. A., who have been without a general secretary for two years, have been so fortunate as to secure Miss Iva Bliss of Lansing as general secretary for next year. Miss Bliss has hosts of friends here, who will welcome her back to this city.

Prof. Willard German of the Menominee schools visited relatives in the city this week. He will teach near Chicago next year.

E. H. Casler has returned from a three weeks' visit in New York state.

Miss Viola Look of Detroit is the guest of Miss Kate Joslyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Smith of Toronto, Ont., are guests of Frank Smith.

Misses Muriel Webb and Celeste Eddy are spending a few days at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Hannah German returned this week from Whitmore Lake, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Tyler, who have a cottage there.

Miss Mary Benton of Phelps, N. Y., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Osband this week. Lewis Benton of New York city spent Sunday at the Osband home on his way to Chicago.

Misses Daisy Humphrey and Zella Hall of Battle Creek are visiting Ypsilanti friends.

George Gannon, Normal '01, who taught for two years in the Philippines and has since been superintendent of schools at Connorsville, Ind., has removed to Ypsilanti and next fall will enter the U. of M. medical school.

See Dr. Stein's display ad in another column. He will be at the Hawkins House Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 23-24-25, and will be glad to examine your eyes and fit you with glasses that will renew your age.

The Normal basketball men have begun practice. All last year's team but Webster are in school, and some reserves. Erickson, '03, takes Webster's place.

Mrs. Fred Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stocking of Plymouth were Ypsilanti callers yesterday.

The Normal and Milan baseball teams played a 3 to 3 ten-inning game Saturday.

Mrs. E. B. Dunham and Mrs. N. D. Yerkes leave Friday for a visit at Cass City.

A well-known citizen was flim-flammed out of \$16 at the circus grounds by a side show faker. The fellow said he could not carry so many \$1 bills and asked for big bills instead. The trick was cleverly worked, but the citizen got his money back later on appealing to the officers.

Capt. E. P. Allen addressed the Epworth League on the parsonage lawn Sunday evening.

Rev. H. M. Morey will do evangelistic work in Illinois next year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Vost entertained Monday in honor of the birthday of Mrs. W. J. Booth of Ann Arbor. The next day Mrs. Booth entertained at Ann Arbor for Mrs. Vost's birthday. Dr. and Mrs. T. Murdock of Northville were among the guests.

The Normal enrollment has passed 1400.

Mrs. Paul Bombenec is entertaining Misses Viva and Myrtle Bachman of Britton.

Mrs. S. M. Cutcheon of Detroit is visiting here.

The Month of July

THE GREAT

"BARGAIN MONTH"

AT OUR STORE.

All lines of Summer Goods to be closed out and prices made that will insure their ready sale

Long Silk Gloves? Yes, we have them in white

W. H. Sweet & Son.

The National Loan & Investment Co.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PAID IN CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

Two Millions Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars

We issue time certificates bearing 4½ per cent net. Interest payable July 1st and January 1st from date of certificate to date of withdrawal.

DURING THE PANIC OF '93

at a time when the business depression of the country was so great that many of the strong financial institutions, including many of the banks of the state, were obliged to suspend or give notice that deposits could only be drawn out after the full time permitted by law had been taken. The National Loan & Investment Company continued to invite its stockholders to withdraw their money whenever their business should require or inclination suggest it, and has done so ever since. In the year 1893, when runs and suspensions were all but universal, the assets of this Company increased over \$500,000.00.

Investors can gain further information by addressing our local representative, Mr. T. T. CLEMENT, Ypsilanti, Mich.

S. B. COLEMAN, President.

FRANK B. LELAND, Secretary.

THE CELEBRATED

Ney Haying Tools

Hay Carriers,
Forks,
Pulleys,
Steel Track,
Hay Slings and
Rope

We can save you money if you
give us the chance

HARDING & SHAEFER

115 Congress Street, Ypsilanti.



PUTNAM & VANDEWALKER
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENTS

We have a large, strong stock company which will carry desirable farm property. The rate, \$1.50 for three years, is the cheapest, protection considered. No inspection or policy fee

8-9-10 Savings Bank Building
Phone 240

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

The Good Old Way.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land comes the news of an old-fashioned elopement from Richmond, Ind.

The common or garden elopement is so ordinary and unromantic at every point as to be wholly uninteresting, if not absolutely tiresome, in the recital. A young couple "make a date" with each other, board a street car, ride to the nearest Green and are married by a parson or a justice of the peace. Usually it is "all for a joke" or "to surprise their friends." Or they slip away in a runabout or an automobile and hide to the nearest marriage license office. Everything is done in a hurry and in the daytime.

Not so with this Indiana couple. Who knows? asks the St. Louis Republic, and then suggests by way of answer, that "it may be that the influence of Charles Major or Booth Tarkington or James Whitcomb Riley so permeates the atmosphere of Hoosierdom that even the most unresponsive hearts are unconsciously touched by the spirit of romance. It may be that the steady light of fame which beats down upon the broad bosom of Indiana as warm as the midday sun kindles in the hearts of all Hoosiers a peculiar sense of pride which prevents them, even in moments of the wildest exuberance, from indulging in any course not in the highest degree artistic and, therefore, in keeping with the literary processes and ideals of the men who have made the state famous.

It must have been such a force or impulse as this that moved the young Richmond couple to resort to the old-time orthodox, romantic method of eloping by means of a ladder placed at the girl's bedroom window. Not in daylight, mind you; no, not when all the curious world might see, but in the silent watches of the night, and in the dark of the moon, at that. Everything was artistic to the last degree. "The Gentleman from Indiana" performed his part just as gallantly as ever such a loverlike feat was performed. "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

With such an example as this to guide to future generations, we are convinced that the spirit of romance shall not perish from the face of Indiana or the earth.

After Us the Deluge.

In commenting on nature's kindness, as suggested by conditions in devastated San Francisco, C. E. S. Woods speaks of "the human insect, already busy about its broken home," and adds:

"The whole song of Nature is, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' The dead are only worn out material, to be transformed and used again as quickly as possible. It is right they should be neglected and forgotten. It is the great law. Nature concerns herself only with life and with the future, what the past and the dead to her? What the wailing and writhing and running about of the human ants in their little hills? She never looks behind. The dead do not interest her, only the living and those yet to live. It is a wise law, a merciful mercilessness. It makes us kin to the bee, the ant, the swallow, and to the trees which so quickly cover their scars. Life is so full of sorrow there is no room to cherish sorrow. For myself, I say let me be forgotten. Laugh above my grave as the daffodils, the stars and the dancing waves will laugh. Live and forget grief. The leaves gild by the sun tremble joyously. The grass shoots its delicate spires in the exultation of living. The earth blossoms in her rapture, and only covers herself with snow that she may dream of buds. From glittering ice creaves, so magically blue, even to waving palms, Nature has but one song. The earth is for the living, oblivion to the dead."

Mr. Edison's promise to put the automobile within the reach of everybody when the cobalt system of storage battery can be used raises a doubt whether the machine would hold its vogue. The once popular bicycle is now almost a curiosity on the pike. Everybody wanted one when the cost of manufacture was high and the bicycle was regarded as a luxury. When it was the world and his wife could ride the demand fell off. Mr. Edison thinks that "when the price of the automobile is reduced so as to place it within the reach of all the people it will become a thing of the past." Is it not more likely that there will be a reaction in favor of the horse among those who tire of the new toy?

Senator Hale, apropos of an awkward remark, said:

"It reminds me of the conversation of two women at a reception."

"They were strangers to each other. After a moment's desultory talk, the first said, rather querulously:

"I don't know what's the matter with that tail, blond man over there. He was so attentive awhile ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband, you know."

A certain member of the Yale faculty is famous for his power of condensing his many strong antipathies into trenchant epigrams. His pet abhorrence is logic, a fact which was unknown to the student who recently approached him with the question: "Professor, I am thinking of taking logic next year. What do you think of the course?" "Horse sense made asinine," responded the professor tersely.

If it is excitement the Koreans are looking for, the Japanese can give them all they want.

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

LIVED SIX WEEKS AFTER PART OF HIS BRAIN HAD BEEN REMOVED.

RESCUED FROM GYPSIES

Most Marvellous Case Known to Medical Annals—Girl Sold to Gypsy Escapes.

Pierced His Brain. Thomas W. Brockman, of Bailey, Mich., died in Hackley hospital, Muskegon, from injuries caused by a falling tree while lumbering. His case has been one of the most marvellous known in medical annals. For over six weeks he has lived with a hole two inches in width in his skull and with a great portion of his brain removed. The accident in which he was injured occurred at Beechwoods and was caused by a falling tree crashing on his brain. When picked up he still lived after receiving injuries sufficient to have killed any man instantly. Brought to the hospital in an ambulance it was found on examination that a small block of wood and two inches of cap cloth were lodged in his brain. An operation to remove these was temporarily successful, but a few days ago unforeseen complications set in.

Local physicians, as well as out of town experts, are deeply disappointed at Brockman's untimely death as it was thought his case might prove extraordinary in surviving the operation. Brockman was a young man but 18 years of age and leaves his parents, two brothers and a sister, all residing at Bailey.

Gypsy Girl Wife Rescued.

Sold into bondage by her father, Malica Adams, aged 15, after four years, has been restored to her uncle in Grand Rapids. Joseph Adams sold his daughter to the leader of a band of gypsies, and she became the bride of his 13-year-old son three years ago. The child wife became a palimpsest, but finally tired of the gypsy customs, at Harvey, Ill., she learned that her uncle and aunt, Alexander and Mary Adams, were residing in Grand Rapids. She did not like her life and ran away to find them. She was taken in charge by officers, but her uncle, Alexander Adams, a week ago, she has been vindicated of the charges preferred against her by Joe Stephens, another Serbian gypsy.

Stephens charged her with the larceny of \$500, but it developed that the girl was making the charge was based solely on the girl's absence. She was sold to him for the sum named by her father and was the star turned teller of the camp. She has papers from the juvenile court of Chicago to prove her story and attest her innocence of the charge made.

Boy Dies of Lockjaw.

Herbert Goodsell died Saturday morning at the family home in Pontiac of lockjaw, the result of a Fourth of July accident. He was the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goodsell, who have six other children. The night before the Fourth he was playing with a 22-caliber pistol, and received a discharge from it in the palm of his right hand. Later, tetanus developed, and despite the effort of the physician, lockjaw set in Thursday. The little fellow's back curved like a crescent. He lay on the back of his head and the lower part of his spine, suffering untold agony until death relieved him.

Water Famine.

Through the breaking of a piston rod on one of the engines at the Lansing water works pumping station the pressure fell to 20 pounds, and some parts of the city were without water for domestic use or fire protection. Water in the wells which supply the city is very low, and handicapped by the broken machinery, the pumping station was for a time unable to cope with a big fire should one break out.

A Baby Cyclone.

A young cyclone struck Grand Rapids Friday night, accompanied by a heavy electrical storm. The wind did much damage in the outskirts. Farmers report heavy losses in fruit trees. At Grandville the telephone lines were blown down and streets and cellars were flooded by a cloudburst. The large plant of O. & W. Thum Co. was struck by the cyclone, one building being blown down.

Victim of Mowing Machine.

Oren Draper, 10-year-old son of Harvey Draper, of Benton Harbor, while playing around a mowing machine, had both legs cut almost in two between the knees and ankles by a sudden starting of the team. His father had to drive two miles and send six miles for a physician before the flow of blood could be stopped.

The barn of John Spencer, about four miles west of Benton Harbor, was struck by lightning and burned. Two horses were cremated.

Grand Chief Patriarch Robert and Grand Chief Penard, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Michigan, are paying a visit to the several lodges in the upper peninsula. The object of the chief officers' visit to Calumet at this time is said to be in connection with arrangements that are being made for the annual meeting of the grand incumbent in Calumet in May next year.

Because Justice John Blair would not take a plea of guilty to fast auto driving over the telephone, Dr. E. H. Eddy, of Grand Rapids, came to Plainwell Friday morning to pay his fine and costs personally. He pleaded guilty to driving through Plainwell at a rate beyond the speed limit.

Harley Vanamburgh, a farm hand, while working on the farm of Levi Woodson, of North Adams, shocking up wheat, was killed by lightning. The storm came up very suddenly and he had just started to leave the field when he was killed. The clothes he wore were torn to shreds and his shoes and stockings were torn off.

"I don't want a wife. I want to see how many fools there are among the Kalamazoo women," said Farmer Geo. Collins, when he inserted an advertisement in a local paper, asking for a spouse.

"John Doe," of Battle Creek, has just sent Matthew Riley to the Detroit house of correction for 65 days. Riley was found with a laprobe in his possession. No owner could be found for the robe, so Riley was arrested for robbing "John Doe." It was a shot in the dark, but Riley replied: "I didn't know the owner's name was Doe, but I stole the robe."

THE UNFORTUNATES.

Suits to Recover For Care of Insane Persons By the State.

Two important suits relative to financial responsibility for persons in the insane asylum are in the probate court at Kalamazoo.

Prosecuting Attorney Jackson brought suit against James Murray, guardian of Thomas M. Murray, an inmate of the asylum, to compel him to pay the expenses of James A. Murray, a son of Thomas Murray, who, like the father, is in the asylum. Young Murray is about 24 years of age and the state claims that does not of his father is liable for the support.

Judge Hopkins decided that the public should not pay the expenses, and ordered \$500 paid for the past expenses and \$120 a year in the future. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

The second case is that of Mrs. Ivo van Haften, an inmate of the asylum, and whose bills remain unpaid. Her husband recently tried to secure a divorce from her on the grounds that she was insane when they were married. The decree was denied.

The state's attorney fears that an effort will be made to make this woman a burden on the state and county and brings the action to force the husband, who is able to meet the expenses.

Money Thrown Away.

After expending some \$2,500 in preliminary surveys for the dredging, cleaning and straightening of the Grand river from the dam in Jackson, sixteen miles north of a jury in the probate court Friday decided that the work as laid out was not a necessary public improvement, and all the proceedings will drop.

Eighty citizens who signed the petition to begin the work will be held responsible for the expense incurred. This decision does not affect the status of the intercepting sewer and purifying plant with which the city proposes to remove the sewage from the river and purify it by the septic process.

It is likely that the city will now clean the river through the city, abandoning the rest of the project. The dredging company was called for an estimated expenditure of \$90,000.

Horse Roasted to Death.

At a fire which destroyed two barns in Traverse City a pitiful scene was enacted. So fast did the flames spread that it was impossible to get a horse out, and as it slowly roasted to death its pitiful cries were heard for blocks. The barns were owned by J. M. Cillett and Thomas Young. The damage was \$1,050.

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

Standish and vicinity has an out-break of measles.

Potosky people are waging war against railroads.

Over \$125,000 worth of building is going on at Chelsea.

A train struck a drove of cattle at Gardendale, killing seven.

Rescue mission at Grand Rapids gave a picnic for 550 unfortunates.

Hillsdale Masons are arranging for remodeling of quarters at a cost of \$8,000.

The Grand Trunk depot at Saranac burned down with its contents, including freight, spark from an engine.

While harnessing a horse, Mrs. Fred Craft, residing near Sturgis, suffered severe injuries from being kicked.

Bids for rebuilding the wagon factory at the Jackson prison were too high and the plans will be reduced and bids received again on July 30.

While playing in the kitchen, Edna, 4-year-old daughter of Patrick Rousseau, of Alpena, fell into a tub of boiling water. She died from the effects.

James Barlow, aged 81, of Jackson, tried to climb a cherry tree with two ladders which he had tied together. The ladders broke and he fell, sustaining fatal injuries.

The celebration of the Orangemen at Vassar on Thursday was attended by 8,000 from outside the town. Twenty different lodges were represented in the procession, with 12 bands.

Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, is planning a summer resort at Bear Lake, where he has secured an option on a quarter section of land. He proposes to build a hotel to cost \$300,000.

James Barlow tied two ladders together and tried to climb a cherry tree at Jackson. The ladder broke, and Barlow in his fall received internal injuries which will prove fatal.

Mrs. A. E. Conover, a prominent Coldwater woman, while sprinkling the lawn today caught her foot in the hose, falling and breaking her ankle. Eight years ago she had a similar accident.

Charles Pate, of Owosso, brakeman on a freight train which was wrecked at Dundee by a broken axle, will lose his right leg, the bones being badly splintered. He was removed to the hospital at Ann Arbor.

The Potosky council has boosted the license of bric-a-brac auctioneers from \$50 to \$100, and it is expected they will refuse to pay any tax at all. There are eight or ten firms who make a living out of summer visitors.

William Postila, a woodsman, employed in a camp near Rice Dale, 20 miles south of Houghton, was struck by a falling tree Saturday morning and died just as he was being carried into St. Joseph's hospital. He was 32 years old.

Miss Clara French, of Detroit, was awarded first position in the oratorical contest conducted by the Loyal Temperance Legion convention at Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Construction work on the Keweenaw Central railroad is being pushed rapidly, and it is expected that trains will be running in September. The road will be completed from Lac La Belle to the Mohawk mine, 18 miles, connecting at the latter point with the Mineral Range. There is a marked scarcity of ties.

Two deaths occurred at Palmyra, Sunday. R. D. Hill, a prominent justice of the peace, dropped dead at the M. E. church. Mrs. Lyman Chatfield, a pioneer of this place, died at her home.

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The authority of Judge North to transfer George McCall, of Battle Creek, alleged bogus

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is dark, indicating the binding or gutter of the book. There is no text or other markings on the page.

The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

WITH the incoming of the new president of Drury College at Springfield, Mo., there is to be a new social order. Heretofore when the campus set apart for baseball was not in use by the students, the colored people were allowed to use it for games. But hereafter the sacred ground is not to be defiled by "nigger" occupation at any time. It is said that the tony young Missourians are greatly in favor of the new edict, but good old Deacon Drury must have turned over in his coffin. For Drury was the child of Olivet, was the offspring of Oberlin. Evidently Missouri atmosphere is not favorable to Oberlin ideas of justice and equality. It will be worth while to note what The Independent, for instance, has to say on this new departure on the part of Drury. And what will Congregationalists generally have to say? The last word on the subject may not have been spoken and the new president may be prepared to find himself and his school "haunted over the coals" very decidedly!

If anything could add to the contempt with which Anna Gould's husband has been regarded it is his present humiliating condition, rejected as a member of the Chamber of Deputies because he had bought the votes which gave him a majority, penniless and waiting for the alimony which he expects from his wife when the divorce is secured,—could a more pitiable apology for a man be found anywhere among people who pretend to be anybody? The American standard of manliness is something that seems entirely beyond the conception of this degenerate specimen of fortune-hunting ignobility.

Before England says too much about the Chicago packing houses, she would do well to investigate her bakeries and jam factories. They are said to be indescribably dirty. And, by the way, isn't there need of the old New England standard of good housekeeping every where? "We must all eat our peck of dirt" isn't a modern proverb by any means. The sin of the ages has been dirt, and probably the philosopher had had an unusually exasperating experience when he said "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

THE National Hickory Association recently organized at Niagara Falls on July 13, must not be mistaken for a democratic party organization left over from Jackson's time. Its object is to save the hardwoods of which hickory is the chief. Government aid will be invoked and the Association hopes to do some effective work.

In a communication intended to be used abroad President Roosevelt guaranteed American canned meat. It is to be hoped the President hasn't forgotten what he once said to the country about "making good," and that he took the sober second thought before he assumed this new responsibility.

A new question for debating clubs: "Does a man's being a novelist disqualify him for law-making?" Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill might be interested in the decision.

TEXAS and Arkansas are of one mind with regard to trusts and propose to work together to bring them to book. Some of the other states take notice.

SECRETARY SHAW wants more \$5 bills. So do we all, only we don't tell it to the papers.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regents and give your stomach liver and bowels the help they will need. Regents bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

Why, Adrian! Adrian appears to have been having a peculiar state of affairs in his police department as the following from the Adrian Press indicates, but her mayor evidently has developed a backbone that is not made of a tow-string. There was much talk of the disorder at the Adrian home coming recently.

The council at a special meeting suspended the action of the mayor in suspending Mr. Ingelhart for striking the marshal. Aldermen commented on the insubordination of policemen, their disregard of duty, gross immoralities, utter neglect of their work, etc., as reported in the newspapers. No words were minced in this discussion, and one thing was made plain—that after a man is elected or appointed to office, he is no longer a democrat, republican, catholic, protestant, K. P. or Odd Fellow, but just an official under obligation to perform the duties of his office impartially, fully, and honestly, for the benefit of the city and the good of the tax payers, and that to do this, he must be a law abiding, and not a law breaking citizen and must see that the laws are observed and not wink at an evasion thereof. He is to suppress disorder, not to encourage it. He is to aid in driving out houses of bad repute, instead of being a patron. He is to be alert, and not sleeping in hacks or in back alleys, or at the station. There will be no loafing or shirking of duty. Two policemen will not be permitted to stand around the main corners or loaf in stairways. Each man will be requested to attend to duty "on his own beat" and attend to it all the time.

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use Scott's Emulsion summer as in winter. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

Communication.

The City Wonderful—Mr. Murray Relates His Experience.

NEW YORK CITY, June 27, '06.

To the Editor of The Ypsilantian:

After a stay in Cortland of several weeks I journeyed down to this city by way of Binghamton, Scranton and Strandsbury through the great anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and pulled up at Hoboken on the Jersey shore and ferrying across to the city and taking a street car was soon landed on Washington Heights towards the northern end of Manhattan island in a wonderful, rolling, rocky section on St. Nicholas Ave. This is a beautiful location, overlooking the Harlem river, the Bronx, Long Island and the Sound near the highest point of the city. Just to keep in touch with my friends among your readers I will jot down a few things that interest me and that might please and perhaps instruct those who have never seen the second largest city in the world.

Little incidents occur in traveling that are not worth noting, yet at the time of occurrence afford quite a little amusement. For instance, just after getting seated in an L. car some very nice looking young ladies entered, but the seats being all occupied they had to stand. When the car started with a jerk the said young ladies made a lunge backward and one came plump into my lap. Now that was a thing I had not indulged in for many a long year and it was a very interesting experience. However the young lady very gracefully begged my pardon, but the "pardon came too late," for all the passengers were indulging in a broad grin at her expense.

I am living "high"—on the fifth floor of a seven story "flat" or department house, with brown stone front and colored porter to "elevate you up and down." In this flat are forty-one families, very near neighbors, but very few acquaintances.

This is called Washington Heights from the fact that during the war of the Revolution Washington's headquarters were located near here in the home of Madam Jumel, at that time one of the most aristocratic homes of the country. The old home is now in possession of the D. A. R. and is being repaired, and will be kept as a museum of antiquities of the time of the war.

This is probably one of the oldest buildings in the city and has many things that look odd indeed. The great brass knocker on the front door, a great fire place in almost every room, with the old fashioned andirons, poker and fire shovel, the swishing crane on which the pot hung, in which dinner was cooked, and many more things that a lover of ancient things would delight in.

But I must not stop to describe everything I see in detail, so will give a little experience in the "Teppeny Tube," as the Englishman calls the Subway. First let me say that the avenues of the city run north and south mostly and the streets east and west, and the great business section is on the south end of Manhattan Island which is about twelve miles long. The northern end is built up with flats and of course people have to go and come by street car. From my location I can make choice of surface, elevated or subway cars, either only a block or two away.

Plunging down the long stairway, you first meet the ticket seller, and for five cents you will be rushed at flying speed to the city hall or the Battery if you wish.

You will experience some strange sensations as you go plunging down the dimly lighted hole. Your train of four or five cars comes thundering along with impetuous speed, and pulls up with wonderful ease. You drop your ticket in the ticket-choppers' box, you rush in with the crowd and get seats if you can. The guards close the gates, jingle the bell and we are off with the speed of the wind, barely one minute stop.

The cars are well lighted, and also the stations, and lights all along the route, and as you go flying by the lights shoot by like meteors of the sky.

You look ahead and here comes a train around a curve in the darkness. The great headlights look like the gleaming eyes of some great gorgon bent on devouring all in its way. And the noise of the trains crashing by is something awful when first heard. I always think of the great Catacombs of Rome and Egypt when riding down the subway. It's not an unpleasant experience, however.

This great subway is one of the marvelous things of this great and busy city. It is twenty-four miles long, and has in places four tracks, side by side, and the trains consist of from four to seven cars in the morning and evening when the travel is greatest, and trains run from one to five minutes apart through the day and less at night.

Will give in my next some account of the Stock Exchange where fortunes of millions are made or lost in a day.

A. J. M.

A little love, a little wealth, A little home for you and me; It's all I ask except good health, Which comes with Rocky Mountain Tea.—Smith Bros.

List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending July 14, 1906.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Fisher, John Palmer, James Keshler, James Rose, O Kenyon, P Y Thomas, H L Miller, F Z Wright, Richard

LADIES' LIST.

Deland, Miss Florence Quirk, Miss Jane Freeman, Maude Smith, Mrs C A Folsom, Mrs Frank Smith, Miss Bertha D Leavy, Mary Rose Matt, Miss Elizabeth Mann, Miss Edna

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the post office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

"The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years." Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Sanitation Discussed.

The Civic Improvement meeting was well attended Thursday night as the subject of sanitation is one of vital interest. R. W. Hemphill, Jr., presided in the absence of the president.

Mrs. Sarah George resigned as secretary as she leaves soon for a year in Europe, and on her recommendation Mrs. H. J. Burrell was appointed secretary.

Prof. S. D. Magers of the Normal read a paper on general sanitation. This means of providing healthful surroundings for man is very old. Ancient buried cities are found to have had sewerage and water pipes. Now it is also applied to ventilation, heating, soil rotation, and water. Micro-organisms are now known to cause disease and these vary in form and size and fatality. The use of sanitation is to reduce the number of plant and animal germs, of which at least 30 species are poisonous to man and produce disease. Many bacilli are harmless or beneficial. Microbes produce disease by multiplying and filling the blood, by destroying tissues, by turning good food or water into poisonous matter. Scientists have been able to locate many bacilli by procuring the germs from infected matter and succeeding in growing them on other food. The typhoid germ flourishes only in the alimentary canal of man, so that that disease comes only from something swallowed, water or infected food, like raw oysters, which often have the germ of typhoid. Wells are a prolific source of disease, for they become contaminated easily, and stable and other filth seeps into wells a long distance away. Typhoid is more prevalent. The fear of polluted water was shown by St. Louis' protest against the Chicago drainage canal, though there was no real danger, as flowing water purifies itself every seven miles. Often lake or spring water is infected and small streams are never safe to drink from. Public and private wells should not be allowed in populous districts. In Germany a garrison of soldiers who drank water from their parade grounds near a cess pool had an epidemic of typhoid, while the citizens who did not use this water escaped. One town that uses sand filters has far less diseases than others that take no care. Flies that come from manure piles to the house infect food on the table. The open well should be abandoned, despite the sentiment of the old oaken bucket. Mosquitoes should be kept down by using oil on stagnant pools.

Our city water is remarkably pure. A vote of thanks was tendered the speaker. Prof. Jefferson thought that it was not sentiment so much as the high water table that makes many hang on to the contaminated wells. He thinks the city should furnish free water for drinking and household use.

Dr. Hueston said that for forty-five years he has known typhoid on hand. There have been many cases here. People sleep where they breathe air polluted by closets; traps do not keep out sewer gas; the milk supply is often contaminated. He advised the use of lime and salt in cess pools, those abandoned being most dangerous. All contents should be removed twice a year. There are cases here now where people drink from springs polluted from old cess pools. In Hawaii such things are taken away and buried in water, and there are no such diseases there. Cess pools should be ordered disinfected.

Mr. Hemphill gave some statistics that are appalling in view of the amount spent for sanitary sewers here. There are 1212 cess pools in the city and 1628 houses. Only 416 houses have sewer connections. In the first ward are 383 houses, 39 sewer connections, 344 cess pools. In the second, the numbers are respectively, 274, 106 and 168. In the third, 444, 225 and 219. In the fourth, 193, 23 and 170. In the fifth, 334, 23 and 311. Twenty-five per cent only have sewer connections. No wonder the state legislature has doubts about Ypsilanti's being a healthful place for a state school. The city attorney has given an opinion that the city cannot compel sewer connections unless one makes a complaint against a cess pool. The mayor said he had nothing to say on the matter, and the meeting adjourned.

A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co. and Smith Bros. drug stores. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Some people think, for instance, that political speeches do not matter. Political speeches matter far more than the acts of parliament which they introduce. Men care less even about what is being done than about why it is being done. The spirit in which a thing is effected is of far more practical importance even than the thing itself. This can be tested by the simple experiment in social life of removing a gentleman's hat for him, first in one spirit, then in the other. If you get rid of all the talk about practical politics (talked by tired men with £10,000 a year) and really look impartially at the history of human society you will see that collisions have arisen far more from insults than from injuries. Some of my imperialist friends, for instance, tell me that because I think South Africa a nuisance to England therefore I should permit Germany to pluck it from us in war. This is like saying that because I think a top hat ugly and uncomfortable I should let another man knock it off in peccadilly of doubt it is uncomfortable. But why should he knock it off? Who is he? I wonder.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

Portuguese Money.

Portuguese money is based on a unit which is worth about the thousandth part of a cent. So if you buy a single postage stamp it costs you about 10,000 milreis. We were shocked at the price of the objects the vendors in Ponta Delgada desired to sell us. When presented with a bill some of us got heart disease and some of us apoplexy. Only after long explanations in mingled Spanish, Portuguese, French and English did we learn that a photograph offered at several thousand milreis was worth about 15 cents. In short, it was brought forcibly to our attention how extremely artificial a medium is money, how difficult it is to get, how difficult it is to keep, but also how difficult it is to exchange this interconvertible medium in foreign countries—where you have any. Probably it is even more difficult when you have not.—Argonaut.

Hospitality.

While the reportorial representative of a great news bureau was in San Antonio, Tex., whence he had posted in such haste as to have little luggage, he met with a charming bit of southern hospitality. He had no cuffs, and a local reporter promptly drew off his own and said to the guest within the city gates: "Here, take mine. I've more at home." Later it was learned that the donor of the cuffs worked for the San Antonio Daily Express, and the superintendent of the news bureau upon hearing of the incident immediately wrote to Frank Grice, owner of the Express, in appreciation of an act peculiarly southern in its frank good fellowship. Here is Mr. Grice's reply: "If you can send me the name of the member of the Express staff who offered his cuffs to your man he will be discharged for not offering his shirt as well."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sharp, but Not Clever.

A London scientist says that life in a metropolis makes young children sharp, but not clever; that it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally. It makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm. They are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented. They see more things than the country bred child, but not such interesting things, and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

Social Limits.

You may tell a man that his neck cannot be reckoned among his successes, you may point out his errors in regard to investments, you may reproach him for omitting to take advantage of the opportunities he has had for advancement, and he will accept all your criticisms with a reasonable calm, but take gentle exception to the way in which he pronounces a word and the chances are that his next remark is of a heated nature.—London Quaker.

Took All the Responsibility. "I'm going to give up that new specialist I've been trying."

"What's the reason?" "What's he always telling me that I must try to help myself?" "What did the other man tell you?" "He always told me he was helping me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where?

An English mayor tells this story: "An woman, speaking at a meeting in support of women's rights, repeatedly asked her audience, 'Where would men find themselves without women?' "A weak voice from the rear of the hall: "In paradise, mum!"

At the Head of His Hand.

Smith—I hear Jones, the naturalist, had a bad accident. What was it? Brown—Why, somebody gave him a young tiger cub and said it was so tame it would eat off his hand. Smith—Well? Brown—Well, it did.

Improved.

"Does your papa get much practice?" asked the visitor of the doctor's seven-year-old son. "Oh, he doesn't have to practice any more," replied the boy. "He knows how now."

Surgery.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars.

"I mean what did he have?" "Five hundred dollars."—Puck.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative brings lasting relief in Stomach, Kidney and Heart troubles through the inside nerves. No matter how the nerves became impaired this remedy will rebuild their strength, will restore their vigor. Remember it does no good to treat the ailing organs, the irregular heart, rebellious stomach, diseased kidneys. They are not to blame. Go back to the nerves that control them, treat the cause—use a remedy that cures through the inside nerves. Sold by Frank Smith.

Subscribe for The Ypsilantian.

Too Much to Ask.

A traveler in the highlands observed while at a tavern in a small village a very beautiful colie. At his request the owner was pointed out to him, and he asked the man what he would take for the dog.

"I'll be taking him to America!" the Scot asked cautiously.

"Certainly, if you sell him to me." "I no coull' part wio Rob," the dog's owner then said emphatically. "I'm muckle fond-lik' o' him." And liberal offers were no inducement.

To his astonishment, the traveler later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered and after the drover had disappeared requested an explanation. "You said that you could not sell him," he remarked.

A twinkle came into the highlander's eyes. "No; I didna say I'd no sell him. I said I coulna part wio him," he said. "Rob'll be hame in two or three days fra noo, but I coulna ask him to swim across the ocean. Na; that wou'd be too muckle to ask."—Harper's Weekly.

Pews That Carry a Vote.

The parish church of Chertsey possesses a curious anomaly. It has several pews in its gallery which are bought and sold by auction, just like a table or a chair, and these pews give their owners for the time being a legal right to vote at parliamentary elections in the division. Moreover, the owners of the pews have to pay the poor rate of £2 a year into the bargain, a privilege they are not so eager to use as the holders of the pews. Many years ago the churchwardens of Chertsey were at their wits' end in order to raise money for the restoration and repair of the sacred edifice, and they could find no solution to the question until some parishioners suggested that they should sell the gallery pews to the highest bidder. They accepted the idea and obtained a special act of parliament allowing them to do this and also giving the privilege of a parliamentary vote.—London Spectator.

A Gallery of Forgeries.

Paris possesses a very fine gallery of modern masters, largely of the Barbazan school, not one of which is genuine. It is to the painter Harpignies that France is indebted for this queer collection of the spurious. Passing through the Rue de Valenciennes one day, his eye caught some canvases in a window. They were all signed by prominent names, including his own, and every signature was forged. Passing inside, the painter found himself in the presence of false Corots, Diazes, Daubignys, Lancretis, Isabeyes, Neuvielles and even English Turners. The revelation of his own identity enabled Harpignies to become possessed of this collection for something less than the proverbial old song, and it may now be inspected by the most interested in matters at the state furniture depot, where it is preserved as a kind of high water mark in sophistication.

An Arabian Legend.

The Arabians had a tradition that when the devil started forth from his own place to the garden of Eden he was too lazy to walk and begged all the animals, one after another, to carry him. All refused except the serpent, which was then a quadruped, and the most beautiful of all beasts. Yielding to the entreaties of Satan, the serpent took up the devil on its back and carried him the rest of the way, no one knows how far, and after the consequences of the devil's entry into the garden became apparent the angels were commanded by to look up the serpent and punish it, so Michael cut off its legs, and it was doomed henceforth to travel about as best it could flat on the ground.

Women with weaknesses should never forget Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. This little-else local treatment, is used at bedtime, all night while the system is at rest, it is constantly building up the weakened tissues, soothing the inflamed and sensitive surfaces and will surely clean up all catarrhal and local troubles. Sold by Frank Smith.

For Sale—Cheap.

Two beautiful building lots on Normal street. To RENT—5-room cottage just finished and 2 acres of land, cheap. Address, WILLIAM B. HATCH, Rooms 1-3, 11 Huron street, Telephone 23 or 157.

Save Money

By ordering your newspapers and magazines through EUGENE STRANG. Monthly magazines, ten cents a year, and upwards; daily papers, one dollar a year, and upwards. Dec. 1.

WANTED: by Chicago wholesale and mail order house, assistant manager (man or woman) for this county and adjoining territory. Salary \$20 and expenses paid weekly; expense money advanced. Work pleasant; position permanent. No experience required. Spare time valuable. Write at once for full particulars and enclose self-addressed envelope. Address, GENERAL MANAGER, 134 E. Lake street, Chicago. 8594

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a term of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 23d day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Terns, deceased.

Estate of Frances Terns, administratrix of said estate, having filed in this court her final account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed.

It is ordered that the 30th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

[A true copy.] EMORY E. LEELAND, Judge of Probate. H. Wirt Newkirk, Register.

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Oliver J. Perrin, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that four months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at A. R. Graves' office, in the city of Ypsilanti, Michigan, on the 30th day of September and on the 30th day of November next, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated July 2, 1906. Chas. Fellows, A. R. Graves, Commissioners.

HUMPHREYS'

Veterinary Specifics cure diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the sick PARTS without loss of time.

A. A. FEVERS, Congestions, Inflammations, Cures: Ulcers, Lung Fever, Milk Fever, Cures: Rheumatism.

C. C. SORE THROAT, Quinsy, Epizootic, Cures: Distemper.

D. D. WORMS, Bots, Grubs, Cures: E. E. COUGHS, Colds, Influenza, Inflamed Lungs, Pleuro-Pneumonia.

F. F. COLIC, Bellyache, Wind-Blown, Cures: Diarrhea, Dysentery, G. G. Prevents MIS-CARRIAGE.

H. H. KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS, Cures: Ulcers, Gravel, Farcy, I. I. SKIN DISEASES, Mange, Eruptions, Cures: Scalds, Burns, Frost-bites.

J. K. BAD CONDITION, Staring Coat, Cures: Indigestion, Stomach Stagnation. 6c. each: Stable Case, Ten Specifics, Book, 4c., \$7. At druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

BOOK MAILED FREE.

The Signs of Heart Trouble

You can Surely Secure Heart Health and Strength through Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

Heart weakness which can be dealt with as all is nerve weakness. Just as your hand trembles when its nerves are weak, when your heart nerves are weak your heart flutters and palpitates. Other signs are shortness of breath after slight exercise; fainting spells; pain or tenderness about the heart caused by irregular heart action; choking sense as if the heart was in the throat; uneasy sensation in the chest, showing that the heart is pain when you lie on one side—usually the left side, but frequently the right, painful breathing; a feeling as if the heart was always "there" is nothing in this remedy to stimulate; nothing that leads to reaction. The strength that it gives is natural and permanent. It is just the same strength as Nature gives to those who are well. Dr. Shoop's Restorative (Tablets or Liquid) creates strength which extends over the whole inside nerve system—it overcomes the cause of the trouble as well as the result. Sold by FRANK SMITH.

JOB PRINTING!

THE YPSILANTIAN wants an opportunity to figure on your Job Printing of every description, believing that we can give you the best of satisfaction and save you some money

Business Cards, Envelopes, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Wedding or Dance Invitations, Programs, Circulars, Hand Bills, Auction Bills, and Book and Job Printing of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at reasonable prices.

THE YPSILANTIAN,

W. M. OSBAND, Proprietor, Basement Savings Bank Block

Remember!

If you cobble your family's shoes, remember two things—

First—Don't wait till they are too badly worn.

Second—Go to HOWLAND'S Leather store for supplies, where you can get any quality of leather you want at a price you can afford to pay.

Jonathan Stanger

Piano Tuner

(Tuner for Normal Conservatory of Music)

Will come to Ypsilanti on call

Action and Tone Regulating a Specialty

417 South 4th Ave., Bell Phone 556 Ann Arbor, Mich.

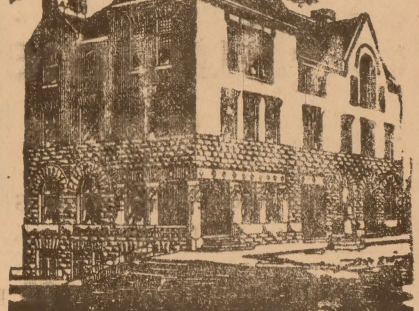
YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus \$10,000. OFFICERS.

A. BEYER, President
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A. Beyer, H. P. Glover, R. W. Hemphill, P. W. Carpenter, R. W. Hemphill, Jr.

Four per cent interest paid on savings deposits if left six months or over; three per cent if left over three months and less than six. We issue savings books for depositors wishing to make small deposits regularly, and credit interest annually at four per cent.



BANK BUILDING DIRECTORY.

FIRST FLOOR.
Room 1 and 4—J. P. Kirk, law office and insurance.
" 2—City Clerk and Water Board Office.
" 5 and 6—R. P. Allen, Attorney.
" Tracy L. Towner, law and insurance.

SECOND FLOOR.
Rooms 7, 15, 16, 17, 18—Michigan Telephone Co.
" 8, 9, 10—W. S. Putnam, law.
" Putnam & Vandewalker, insurance.
" 11, 12 and 13—Dr. C. C. Garrett.
" 13—Chief of Police.

THIRD FLOOR.
Queen City Lodge, K. of P.
BARRISTERS.
The Ypsilantian, Newspaper and Job Printing Rooms.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. F. E. WESTFALL, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office, 115 N. Washington St. Hours: 9-10, 1-3, 6-8:30. Phone 136.

DR. JAMES HUE-TON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence corner Huron and 11th streets, Swift place. Telephone No. 46.

D. SPALSBURY, D. D. S., DENTIST, NEW Shoe Store, Ypsilanti, Mich.

ATTORNEYS.

E. P. ALLEN, ATTORNEY, ROOMS 5 AND 6, Savings Bank Building. Loans money on mortgages and approved notes.

LEE N. BROWN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Real Estate, Loans and Collections. Office No. 10 Cross St., East Side.

JOHN P. KIRK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office Rooms 1 and 4, Savings Bank Building.

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W. S. PUTNAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office rooms 8, 9, 10, Michigan Telephone

The Upsilantian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 22.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xi, 1-13. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Luke xi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

We could not pray a better prayer than the request of the disciples in the first verse of our lesson, "Lord, teach us to pray," for by prayer all things are accomplished that can be accomplished, and when we recall such words as these—"What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (Mark xi, 24; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7)—where is there a real Christian whose heart does not cry, Oh, that I knew how to do it; how to take hold of God and prevail, as Jacob did, as the centurion did, as the Syro-Phoenician woman did, and so many others? The texts just quoted read simply enough, but notice the abiding and asking in His name and that God may be glorified, and keep these in mind as we meditate.

Prayer is real access to God in matters concerning His kingdom and His people. The Lord Jesus was here wholly for Him, never in anything seeking His own will or His own glory, and He could say to His Father, "I know that thou hearest me always" (John xi, 42). If we ask anything according to His will He hears us, and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him (I John v, 14, 15). Oh, it is wonderful! "Lord, teach us to pray." Consider in Luke iii, 21; v, 16; vi, 12; ix, 28, and elsewhere how much Jesus gave Himself to prayer. He knew the reality of heaven, from whence He had come, and of the Father who sent Him and of the angels, and He lived more in heaven than on earth, and thus He was able to live on earth as God's man, the God-man, God manifested in the flesh. We may study, with the greatest profit, the prayers recorded in Scripture, such as those of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Daniel and others, but nothing can compare with our Lord's prayer in John xvii. As a prayer for ourselves the one in our lesson, which was also given on another occasion (Matt. vi, 9-13), is the epitome of all prayer, the sum and substance of all we can desire. It is a prayer for disciples; to them He was speaking, and none but those who have become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus can truly say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Compare John i, 12; viii, 44.

That all people are children of God, but many do not know it, or that infant baptism makes such infants children of God, is the teaching of man, but not of God. All are by nature children of wrath and must be born again in order to become children of God (Eph. ii, 3; John iii, 3, 5, 7). We have in this prayer seven petitions, divided, like all seven, into three and four or four and three. The first three are Godward—Thy name, Thy kingdom, Thy will. The other four concern the believer—our bread, our sins, lead us not, deliver us. Their parallel with the beatitudes is most interesting and instructive. Only the poor in spirit truly hallow His name; others are like Gen. xi, 4, and seek to make themselves a name. The true child of God, considering how the name he so loves is dishonored and how the curse still prevails, cannot but mourn because of it and long for the coming of the kingdom when Rev. xi, 15, shall be fulfilled. The blessed meek, who are to inherit the earth and who now love to be guided (Ps. xxv, 9), seek to know and do His will and long for the time when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Hungering for the righteousness of the kingdom (Isa. xxxiii, 1, 17) and waiting for it we live day by day, trusting Him for our daily portion in all things (I Kings xxv, 30; Jer. iii, 34). Having experienced so much of God's mercy and forgiveness we freely forgive others, even to the seventy times seven. Seeing something of God and desiring to see more of Him we covet the purity of heart necessary thereto, and, fearing lest anything should come between us, we pray, Lead us not into temptation. Recognizing the great adversary as the great peace breaker and desiring the peace of God to rule, we pray, Deliver us from the evil one.

Our emptiness in all things is set forth in the words, "I have nothing to set before Him" (verse 6), for truly we are nothing but sinners and have nothing but self and sin, and we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God (II Cor. iii, 5). Having, as empty, helpless sinners, received the Lord Jesus we at once become rich and possess all things in Him (II Cor. vi, 10). Our Father does not put all things in our actual possession, but they are ours (I Cor. iii, 21-23), and we may draw as needed for His glory. One who asks and does not wait or expect an answer will not probably receive, but one who sees or feels the need and persists in asking will receive because of his importunity (verse 8). Compare chapter xviii, 1-8. There is an asking, a seeking and a knocking which obtains, but it must be on the principle of Jer. xlii, 13, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart." Parents do not give to their children stones for bread, serpents instead of fishes, scorpions instead of eggs. How much less will our Father in heaven give anything evil to any of His children.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

What the Kidneys Do

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong And Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter daily, is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. Camp, wife of A. E. Camp, retired farmer, formerly of 438 Huron St., Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I suffered for a long time from pain in the back and loins, one time quite severe and it was gradually growing worse. Noticing Doan's Kidney Pills endorsed by so many people I concluded to try them and procured a box at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s drug store. They turned out exactly as represented and I was promptly and completely cured. I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills at every opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Benjamin F. Watts, formerly cornerer of this county and a jeweler in Ann Arbor for half a century, died of apoplexy July 13. He was an eminent Mason. He leaves a widow and one son.

The telephone service east of Saline has been in bad condition the past few days and Fred Koch was sent out to investigate the cause. He discovered, though hardly to his pleasure, that a swarm of bees had made a hive of the box on one of the cable poles and the wires and all connections were well coated with honey.—Enterprise.

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets, Smith Bros.

Time was when the small boy began hustling as soon as he saw a circus bill, for money to take him to the show. But to-day the small boy hustles not only for spending money, but to help buy clothes. The demand for boys, and girls too, to work in onion, beet and celery gardens and the good wages an energetic person can earn, is an inducement hard to resist. That is the reason why we see so many boys on the streets now days.—Manchester Enterprise.

Adrian will build a \$50,000 high school and an \$8000 ward school building this year.

Joseph Ward, for years the lamp-lighter at Dundee, died at Monroe last week, aged 93 years.

Itching torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cures. Fifty cents at any drug store.

The 102d U. S. Volunteers, a colored regiment with several members in Ypsilanti, will hold its annual reunion at Ann Arbor Aug. 1. The colored people of that city will celebrate Emancipation Day at that time also.

The Ann Arbor Baptists have extended a call to Rev. W. A. Lee of Madison, Wis., to become their pastor. He is of English birth and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and Newton Theological Seminary.

Eugene Wagner, assistant editor of the Washtenaw Post, died of heart disease Saturday night, aged 33 years.

A Perfect Bowel Laxative for constipation, sour complexion, headache, dizziness, slow stomach, coated tongue, biliousness. Lax-ets act promptly, without pain or griping. Pleasant to take—Lax-ets—only 5 cents. Sold by Frank Smith.

CHAS. THOMPSON CREEK.

Mrs. Stas, Thompson is quite sick.

Mrs. George McGee and children went last week to visit relatives at Farmington.

Prof. Ross preached an excellent sermon Sunday morning from Luke 12:24.

J. C. Bemiss and sister, Mrs. Wm. H. Bemiss went last week to attend the funeral of a half-brother, Dr. Bemiss of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Eugene Mutschel of Detroit spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Buck.

Mrs. Teeple had the misfortune to dislocate her shoulder last Wednesday.

Miss Hattie Teeple of Grosse Pointe is spending a few days with her mother.

Mrs. Henry Johnson entertained her sister, Mrs. Dickerson of Sumpter, last week.

Thomas Johnston, who has been very sick the last two weeks, went to Ann Arbor Monday for an operation.

Born, July 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wilson, a 13-pound boy.

The neighbors are making a bee and cutting Tom Johnston's grain for him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WILLIS.

The death of Mrs. Maria Price, widow of Squire Price, who passed away last week, was the termination of years of suffering on her part, and care-takers will be relieved of the pain caused by seeing her suffering. Mrs. Price had many friends who appreciated her many acts of kindness. As a mother she was devoted to her family until sickness deprived her of her power. She leaves two sons and a daughter to mourn her. They wiped the filial tear from eyes wearily by watching by her bedside as the weeks went by. She was a firm believer in the principles of the Advent church, and gave of her means to its support.

Her memory will be cherished By those still left behind, For them she lived and labored With mother-love aglow.

Mr. and Mrs. Centaur's little girl was bitten by a snake last week. He killed the snake and the child said it had bitten her foot. He could not see any mark and thought the child was only frightened. Dr. Smith was called next morning but too late to save the child's life.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate of Clark, Neb., are visiting relatives in this vicinity. They gave us a short call last week. We were pleased to meet them. They left home five weeks ago, and say the crops were looking fine when they left.

MUSINGS.

When I am gone from earth Into the great unknown, Surround my bier and o'er my prostrate form

Breathe the fervent prayer that I may rest, Believing in your heart of hearts He knoweth best.

N. B. Truth, St. Paul, June 31, '08.—I've lived so long, I remember well when the Mississippi was a brook. My good health and long life came by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Smith Bros.

PITTSFIELD.

Harrison Scott of Chicago is visiting his sister, Mrs. Crane.

Quite a number from Pittsfield attended the show Monday.

Mrs. George Brown, who has been quite ill, is much better.

B. J. Hausner has between six and seven hundred white leghorn chickens all hatched by hens this season. When taken from the nests there were 681 as lively a lot of chicks as one would wish to see. There is only about four weeks' difference from the youngest to the oldest. The loss has not been great, only about 40.

Mr. Comsey has his new barn about completed.

Charles Williams, who was at San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, has returned to Ypsilanti again. He was uninjured.

Mrs. Bryant of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. J. F. Watling, the forepart of the week.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

YPSILANTI TOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate and daughters, Elma and Florence, of Clark, Neb., who have been visiting relatives here, left Tuesday for Detroit.

Mrs. John Waterbury was called to Alma last week, her sister being very low with cancer.

The death of Harry Breining has shocked the community, where he was highly regarded. His parents have general sympathy. One son died two years ago of appendicitis and the other is a mere child.

Ypsilanti Grange will hold its annual picnic and children's day exercises Saturday at the Peninsular mill grove.

A Golden Wedding.

A happy gathering was that at the home of Robert Huston at Cherry Hill Tuesday when eighty guests helped Mr. and Mrs. Huston to celebrate their golden wedding. Mr. Huston and Miss Jane A. Comer were married at Plymouth by Elder Warren July 17, 1856, and have lived at Cherry Hill ever since. Of their children, three sons in the west could not come home, but one sent his wife, Mrs. Newton Huston of Colorado. The three daughters, Mrs. Mary Gill, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Nellie Cobb, Detroit; Mrs. Charles Smith, Denton, were present, and three sons, Charles of Kalamazoo, John of Wyandotte, and Leon of Cherry Hill, also. A large number of grandchildren and two great-grandchildren were also guests, and three of the original guests at the wedding fifty years ago, Mrs. Nelson Fowler, Mrs. Amanda Moody of Howell and Daniel Cobb. A bountiful dinner was served on the lawn, and speeches were made by Henry Horner and Rev. Mr. Pierce, while many beautiful gifts of silver and gold were presented as tokens of esteem. The bride and groom showed an ancient daguerreotype of themselves taken years ago, and sat for a modern photograph afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston are prominent in the community and hold the universal esteem of their neighbors, who wished them many happy returns of their anniversary.

Guests came from Plymouth, Wyandotte, Detroit, Belleville and many other places to do them honor.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Cherry Hill church gave Mr. and Mrs. Huston a surprise party that evening, passing a pleasant evening with games, visiting and supper.

Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide, by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farnville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co. and Smith Bros. druggists.

The L. T. L. Convention.

The L. T. L. convention last week proved, though not so large in numbers, one of the best in the Legion's history. The enthusiasm was great, and the presence of the national secretary, Miss Margaret Wintinger, was of great help and inspiration. Over 2000 subscriptions were pledged for the Crusader Monthly, of which she is editor, more than any other state. Over \$200 was raised for the state treasury, and a good sum was subscribed towards the support of an L. T. L. worker in Japan, where a remarkable field is opening. Ten new life members were pledged by their friends, those named as recipients including Mrs. M. E. Benedict and Mrs. E. T. Green of Ypsilanti, Mrs. A. Andrus and Mrs. Frances Preston of Detroit, J. C. Killick of Pine Lake and Mrs. Bowerman of Williamston. The establishment of a circulating library was also a step in advance, and many books were pledged. Clyde Taylor of Otsego is librarian. The bureau of exchange, through which papers of especial interest are sent around to the various legions of the state is another new but good thing. President Starr's address and several of the papers read at this meeting were voted to be so sent.

The address by President Floyd Starr was optimistic and practical. Self-culture was its key note. The L. T. L. members owe it to their cause to make the best of themselves and to make themselves educated, well-informed, healthy, vigorous people in order to carry on the work as it should be done. Physical culture is as necessary as mental and spiritual, and he asked that more be done along this line. Athletics will popularize the L. T. L. more with boys than any other thing, and baseball and football give the worker a chance to get nearer the boy's heart and life. He also urged more attention to the purity department, teach temperance in all things, eating as well as drinking; and fight all the allies of the saloon as well as liquor. Don't give up the work after a little; there is plenty of time if you do not fritter it away, so that you can give flowers or fruits to the sick or read to a shut-in. Carry on the work persistently, hopeful ever and then report what you are doing. Even if it be little, it may inspire others to try, and many a good deed will be done because your deed suggested it.

The paper by Miss Hazel Fitch of Jackson on "Cigarettes" gave the evils and the causes of troubles resulting from their use in such a paper that the paper was put in the exchange bureau, as was that by Carl Unterkirchner on ways of raising money for the L. T. L., telling of different kinds of socials and entertainments that will be popular, and Miss Lindsay's paper on the benefits of county organization.

Thursday evening Mrs. E. L. Calkins of Kalamazoo, state president of the W. C. T. U. talked on the financial burden of the liquor traffic. She spoke of Roosevelt's demand for a square deal. The cost of courts, charitable institutions and other officers of Kalamazoo county last year was \$76,000. The liquor organ had said that the saloons paid all these expenses and more, but as a fact, the saloons paid only \$32,000, and nearly all these county expenses were chargeable to them. Of the 1089 arrests in the county that year 707 were plain drunk, and a large part of the rest were vagrants, also drunk. She declared that the only way to reform the saloon is to kill it, and urged more earnest work against it, as the saloons do not give a square deal.

Friday morning an interesting paper on Japan, by Miss Belle Kearney, who lately visited there, was read by Miss May Beardsley, who wore a Japanese costume. The cause of the Crusader Monthly was presented by Miss Wintinger and of the state treasury by Mrs. Nella Dancy.

The old officers were re-elected, Mr. Starr and Mrs. Rowley receiving every vote on the nominating ballot. President, Floyd Starr, Marshall; vice-president, Harold Pelham, Jackson; cor. sec., Mrs. Belle C. Rowley, Elkhart, Ind.; rec. sec., Miss Jennie Barton, Big Prairie; treas., Mrs. Nella Dancy, Capac. The old superintendents were re-appointed: Flower mission, Miss Alice Springstead, Kalamazoo; franchise, Miss Edith Pfeiffer, Byron Centre; press, Lisle Fellows, Otsego; literature, Conda Ham, Big Rapids; exchange bureau, Edna Fitch, Jackson; Beulah Farm, Ralph Hess, Marshall; musical director, Miss Iva Bliss, Lansing.

The resolutions adopted re-affirm the L. T. L. belief in total abstinence and in prohibition by law and a political party; urge discouragement of cards, dancing and playing for prizes; urge that more attention be given to Christian citizenship, to getting church citizens to take up L. T. L. interests, to distributing more literature and getting more articles

printed, and to more county organizations. The resolution of thanks was: "Resolved that this convention extend hearty thanks to the citizens of Ypsilanti who so kindly opened their homes; to the temperance workers for their labors in preparing for our coming; to the trustees of the Baptist church for the use of their commodious building; to all who in any way contributed to the success and enjoyment of the convention." A jolly hour was that in which the members who went to the national convention at Los Angeles told of their trip, Mrs. C. W. Pelham leading the round table. Barry county and the ninth district tied on the parliamentary law contest. Mrs. Rowley held a very lively question box.

The most effective feature of the convention was the demonstration of the amount of alcohol in Peruna, Hostetter's Bitters and other patent medicine. She distilled half a bottle of the bitters, and then burned a lamp with the resulting alcohol, so bright that with all the church lights put out, she gave a chalk talk, the blackboard and room being brightly illuminated for fifteen minutes.

The music of the convention was excellent, those taking part being Milton Cook, Frank Showers, Misses Pearl Benedict, Iva Bliss, Pansy Andrus, Elva Pelham, Addie Austin and Mrs. F. E. Andrews.

The last evening Miss Wintinger presented diplomas to twelve of the twenty who have completed the course of study. The rest of the program was given to messages from noted people to this convention. Bob Burdette wrote his poem, "Keep sweet and keep movin'." Dr. W. F. Crafts urged getting the churches into the reform work and fighting all the allies of the saloon vigorously.

Gov. Folk of Missouri said: "When good citizens become as aggressive as those who stand for things to which good citizenship is opposed, the forces of lawlessness can be vanquished everywhere." Rev. C. M. Sheldon wrote an encomium of the prohibition law in Kansas, which he says is a great success and is generally approved by the people there. Gov. J. F. Hanly of Indiana wrote urging all young men to be Christians, giving lengthy reasons for his belief. Luther Burbank, the great florist, wrote "Life with all its glorious possibilities for growth and happiness is too precious to warp, waste and destroy by the use of alcoholic drinks, which destroy the integrity of the most wonderful thing on earth, the nervous system, so that the boy or man who uses them is so much less of a boy or man. In other words, their use is like placing sand in a watch—it wears it out very rapidly, making of it a worthless, useless thing."

Mrs. Rowley organized a class of thirty alumni, who will pursue advanced studies. The officers are: President, H. B. Eddy, Kalamazoo; vice-pres., Clyde Taylor, Otsego; rec. sec., Charlotte Howe, Otsego; treas., Alma Linde, Benton Harbor.

The convention closed with the parting song, "God be with you till we meet again." The next meeting will be at Jackson.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—when used faithfully will reach chronic and difficult cases heretofore regarded as incurable by physicians and is the most reliable prescription known to clean up and completely remove every vestige of rheumatic poison from the blood. Sold by Frank Smith.

Washtenaw's List of Crime.

Prosecuting Attorney A. J. Sawyer, Jr. has filed his semi-annual report. He has had 710 prosecutions during the past six months, with 669 convictions, 4 nolle proseques, 2 acquittals and 4 dismissals on payment of costs. Of these 280 were drunks and 237 vagrants. Twenty-three second offense drunks were sent to the Detroit House of Correction. There were 13 game law violations, 34 assault and battery, 8 non-support cases, 8 violations of the liquor law, 43 larcenies under \$25, 5 cases of carrying concealed weapons, 2 of embezzlement, 2 of forged checks, 3 of assault, 3 of assault with intent to murder, 3 burglaries, 6 of indecent language, 5 malicious injury to buildings, 3 of compulsory school law violations, and numerous other cases.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat, rheumatism, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.

Sunday Excursion on Sunday, July 22

The Michigan Central will run a special excursion train to Ann Arbor, Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo at less than one fare for the round trip, leaving Ypsilanti at 8:00 a. m., returning leave Kalamazoo at 7:00 p. m. For full particulars call or phone.

E. E. MOWRER, Ticket Agent.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
Recipe of *DR. SAMUEL PITCHER*
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A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Facsimile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher
NEW YORK.
46 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher
In Use For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Parsee Burial Customs.

A Bombay correspondent, writing of the burial customs of the Parsees, says: "The approach of that transition we call death is a signal for the relatives to leave the presence of the dying one, the priest alone remaining to whisper Zend-Avesta prayers into his ear. He in turn passes out of the room and admits a dog, who is trained to gaze steadily into the face of the dying one. A dog is accounted the only living creature that can terrorize the evil spirits, so the 'sas-did,' or 'dog stare,' is the last sight the Parsee has on earth. No human shadow must intervene; otherwise the guardian virtue of the dog's gaze is annulled."

To Scrape an Acquaintance.

"To scrape an acquaintance" was originated by the Emperor Hadrian. Once when visiting the public bath he found an old veteran scraping himself with a piece of broken crockery in lieu of an iron or copper scraper. Hadrian gave him a sum of money to provide the necessary materials for a bath and on his next visit to the institution found it full of veterans scraping themselves with potsherds. "Scrape away, gentlemen, but you shall not scrape an acquaintance with me," was Hadrian's comment as he went out.

The Poet's Inconsistency.

"You speak of the brooks," said the critic as he looked over his friend's poem, "as the most joyous things in nature."
"So they are," said the poet.
"But you are inconsistent,"
"Why?"
"Because later on you say they are ever murmuring."

Dodging Him.

Mr. Borem—I didn't see you last Sunday—
Miss Cutting—Oh, you must have if you saw me at all! Mr. Borem—I—er—beg pardon. I don't understand. Miss Cutting—I say if you saw me Sunday you must have seen me last, for I was careful to see you first.—Philadelphia Press.

Severe Case.

"How did your sea voyage work, Bigley?"
"I was in such a state of collapse when I reached Liverpool that I crawled back to learn whether I had thrown up my job."

Rivals.

Lulu—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him. Babs—Why, he doesn't drink. Lulu—No, but he may be tempted to later.

If thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee be frank to him.—Chlid.

A Hard Lot

of trouble to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blocked bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasant and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co. and Smith Bros. drug stores.

Capsicum.

The capsicum plant, from which the different varieties of pepper are produced, is indigenous to the tropical regions of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. It grows wild almost as well as under cultivation in all these countries, and in each is used by the natives as a seasoning for food. Its extensive employment has suggested to medical theorists the thought that it must be considered as a natural tonic for the stomach in tropical countries.

Mermals.

All the world over there are legends about mermals. The Chinese tell stories not unlike others about the sea woman of their southern seas. Mankind is taught on the most excellent evidence that a mermaid was captured at Bangor, on the shores of the Belfast lough, in the sixteenth century, while another caught at Edam in 1403 was carried to Haarlem and kept there for many years.

Wanted All That Was In It.

Father (whose wife has presented him with twins)—Tommy, you may stay home from school today and tomorrow tell the teacher that you have two new brothers. Tommy—Wouldn't it be better to say that I have only one new brother? Then I can stay home a day next week for the other one.—Flegende Blatter.

Health Crises.

The pursuit of health, like the morphia habit or drunkenness, grows on people till it really becomes a vice. Continuous thought and anxiety about one's health is extremely bad for the constitution and undermines it quicker than port wine.—London Queen.

Sure Thing.

Teacher—A miracle is going against the natural order of things. Are miracles performed today? Bright Boy—Yes, m. Teacher—Name one. Bright Boy—Well, mamma says that papa is always turning night into day.—Life.

Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old so young and makes the weak as strong as this grand old tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co. and Smith Bros. druggists. Price 50c.

Popular Sunday Excursion Rates.

During the season of 1906 the Michigan Central will sell round trip Sunday excursion tickets to various points on their line good on regular trains at one fare for the round trip. For particulars call or phone.

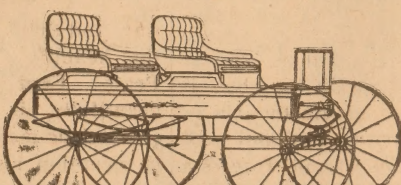
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CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

We have a full line of Hand-made Work at our Salesroom in the Curtis Block
Mr. H. M. Curtis will be there to show you our work

\$40

The cut we show here represents one of our hand-made Wagons. We warrant this wagon and want you to examine it



OUR OWN MAKE

See this wagon before you buy. We fully warrant it. The best \$40.00 wagon on the market.

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Repairing, Painting, Trimming and Woodwork done to order by skilled mechanics at our Factory, near Congress Street Bridge

Four Buggy Tires Set for \$1.25—Done While You Wait

FERGUSON CARRIAGE WORKS

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1935, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER VII.
A few days later, attended by a small military escort, the party left the fort.

Winslow explained to the commander that there was double reason for haste—in their unwillingness to further trespass on his hospitality, no less than in the impatience of the ladies to join their relatives. Reasons which, though with all hospitable intent, the colonel supplemented by the practical suggestion that they take advantage of the present fortification of the trail. A little later, when the spring thaw had set in, the swamp lands would be well nigh impassable.

There being no available guides at the fort, it was decided that the soldiers accompany them to the nearest Indian village, a half day's march away, where they could obtain ponies and a guide for the journey north.

The little party arrived at nightfall within the Indian settlement, and the soldiers returned to the fort, having made arrangements with the chief of the village for their safe conduct.

Left to themselves in the gloomy wigwam, the travelers had much ado to be cheerful. The place was ill-smelling and close, and the flickering firelight but served to bring into bolder relief the grotesque shadows that flouted them from every corner.

The loose-fitting skins of which the walls were made, cracked and flapped tismally. The brush of a fox and the head of a deer hung over the doorway, stray feathers blew over the floor as the wind stole in. Mrs. Creighton gave a shiver of disgust.

"How grewsome this place is. Tropics of dead things everywhere! I feel as though we were entertaining ghosts."

Lavender laughed low—uneasily. "Hush, and she lifted a warning finger. 'Somebody is outside.'"

Winslow lifted the heavy flap that curtained the threshold. A rush of air made the torch burn low, and in



"A HARD CHOICE, TRULY," LAVENDER AGREED, WITH A SAUCY TOSSE OF HER CHIN.

In darkness they could dimly discern the figure of a man—tall, with a waving eagle plume above a bearded head-dress.

"Come in, friend," said Winslow, but the stranger made no move to enter. "Is the white maiden here?" His speech was guttural, but not harsh. "Where is the maid who is not afraid of an Osage arrow? Owatoga would speak with her."

Owatoga! Then he had followed them. Was it as friend or foe? Lavender rose and went to the opening. "I am here, Owatoga."

There was a nervous quiver in her voice, and she grasped Winslow's arm, but the gigantic figure outside made no move nearer.

"You will need a guide—Owatoga knows the forest," he said.

Winslow dropped the curtain, and stood outside in the darkness, keeping close to Lavender as he addressed the Indian.

"You are a friend to this white maid?"

For answer, the other said, with irrelevance: "The arrow was taken out quick; Owatoga was not left to die."

"Then you are better? I am so glad," Lavender said, and the Indian responded gravely: "Owatoga is well; he will be the guide for the white people to-morrow."

Without waiting for thanks, without further explanation, he disappeared, and Lavender whispered, triumphant, as they reentered the wigwam: "I knew we could trust him!"

Next day they left the village, led only by their self-appointed guide. The ponies and other equipment had been brought of the Indians. Part of their route was to be that known as the Clark trail. The town of New Madrid was their first destination—there they would await the earliest boat north.

On stout Indian ponies they rode; sometimes over damp and slippery paths, but oftener where the hoofs beat rhythmic measure on the frozen way. Occasionally they crossed wandering bands of Indians, meeting with solid indifference or friendly grunts, but never a hostile show. By night camp fires kept off the cold, and sterner foes, whose hungry howling was a mocking lullaby.

Owatoga rode ahead, rigid—silent as a slain chieftain on his horse awaiting burial—the quick and the dead together.

Winslow's spirits rose with the occasion, and he beguiled with cheerful talk and unwearied attentions the "toting," as he laughingly called it.

Mrs. Creighton, too, rallied all her physical forces, and bore without blinching the discomforts of the hard framel.

America, alone, was miserable—the picture of comic distress.

Lavender was by buoyant self, and for the first time appealed to Charles in a purely personal way. Heretofore he had regarded her merely as a beautiful, but unessential factor in the sit-

uation—gradually she had come to be the sum of it.

Bent upon ambitious hopes, his future late in carving, love was in Winslow's mind an unwelcome guest; an intruder whose visit was to be deferred as long as possible. But there were signs of its coming; as Winslow watched Lavender—observed her tender thoughtfulness toward her mother—her regard for the welfare of all. He remembered the picture she made when seated in the wood with the Indian's head on her lap. Bare-headed, her hood the wounded man's pillow, the dying sun tipping her hair with arrow-points of bronze, she had seemed a wraith of daylight in the gathering shades. This revelation of the softer side of the girl's nature, of her ministrant care and dauntlessness in danger, touched him where ball-room blandishments or mere blithe maidenhood had failed.

She rode in advance, often turning for a word or smile. Often there were scarlet berries at her throat, or leaves twisted in mocking imitation of Owatoga's headress.

Winslow's pleasure in the sight—his growing joy in her company, was dampened by self-reproach. Had all his hopes, his ambition for a career in the land of promise, come to this? That he could find content and satisfying happiness in the mere presence of a woman?

At last they came in sight of the Mississippi; dark, silent, the waters rolled, a vast moat; beyond it, steep and sheer, a wall of rock. To the travelers, ignorant of all that lay behind, that rocky wall might have been the fortress of the setting sun.

The spring was early, and ice drifted helplessly under its torn cerements of snow. They were not far from the settlement of New Madrid, and it was determined to follow the course of the river until the town was reached. Slowly northward, for the spring rains had begun, and the fens and marshes were slimy underfoot, and foggy overhead.

The river, bearing its icy burden away to the south, served them in guidance grim, but true.

At last they reached the point directly opposite New Madrid. The squat stone cabins of the settlement were huddled together on the farther bank like great cakes of ice thrown from the river.

The day was gloomy; the blustering wind, hag-ridden, hurled snow and rain in their faces with alternate spite. "This is not exactly a welcome, warm and heartfelt, is it?" laughed Winslow, as they dismounted and stood on the bank of the gray river under a scowling sky.

Out of the dusk loomed a group of wigwams, and Owatoga went forward to reconnoiter. He returned in company with another Indian whom he had engaged to ferry them over. Their few household goods had been carried in crates, bound with deerskin to the backs of ponies, and these were transferred to one pirogue. Two others were reserved for the passengers.

They arranged for the sale of the ponies and hospitality for the night, but with the first dawn the party embarked on the river.

One Indian stood in the prow, pushing aside with a long pole the cakes of ice which drifted like inquisitive monsters, close to the driving keel.

America covered in abject fear in the stern; alternately invoking the wrath of Heaven upon the rash undertaker, and beseeching Divine aid in its outcome.

The other women bore the discomfort and danger with fortitude, even pleasure. In both was a strong sense of the dramatic, the picturesque. To Lavender, especially, this was as a draught of wine—the race with the swirling ice on the dark water in the cold gray dawn. Here and there a vain star yet dalled for a last look at herself in the watery mirror.

All was quiet in the village as they neared the shore, and the boats rubbing their sides together in friendly fashion as they grated on the sand, was the only sound.

There was no tavern then in the town, but every cabin had a spare bed and seat at table where strangers were allowed to stay. For it was scarcely a welcome which these frontier folk extended—it was rather a tolerant sufferance. Such a return in money or trade as the guest saw fit to make, was accepted, but none was ever demanded. Their doors were open, and with the opening of the door they considered duty done; the stranger could make shift to find his own nook in the chimney corner.

Such fare the travelers found, and for Lavender the style held a quaint, attractive interest.

"I like this kind of hospitality," she said one day. "I like their independent attitude. What they give is freely given, and one feels that it is without effort."

"Entirely so," Winslow agreed, dryly, "and I don't like it. 'Pot luck,' as they call it, never appealed to me. I rather enjoy being made over."

Suddenly, as they were about to enter the town, came the spring.

The winter carpet of sodden leaves was changed to one of bright young grass. Pussy-willows, like molting birds, dotted the marshy land with their yellow feathers, and every shady nook was dappled with pale and drooping wild-flowers.

On an afternoon in early March, Winslow and Lavender strolled to the water's edge to look for the boat which was hourly expected. A skiff was moored on the beach, and Lavender jumped to its prow, and, shading her eyes from the dancing sunlight, gazed down the river.

"In faith, a fine figure-head," Winslow called, then stood, with the malicious enjoyment sometimes felt in defying conscience, watching her with every sense alive to the poise of her head and delicate wrist—to the curves of the slender figure in the homespun gown, as it swayed unsteadily in the rocking boat.

From her belt dangled a bunch of dogwood blossoms—the first trophy of the season.

"See, look! they are coming!" and pricking joyously, she shook the frail skiff until the oarlocks rattled.

Winslow sprang into the boat with her, his arm steadying her swaying figure, his hand in hers.

The black bulk of the unwieldy keel-

boat was plainly visible—a dark line in the agate of river and sky.

Soon they could distinguish the forms of men on shore as they walked with bent head, and arms straining at the long cordelle, and there was a chorus of greeting.

It was indeed a cosmopolitan cry. The foreign twang of Spaniard and Frenchman joined to the lusty call of the American pioneer, while here and there an Indian gave a whoop of welcome, and even America added her uncouth dialect to the greeting that sounded over the water.

On came the men, and after them the boat, drawn like the carcass of some huge thing of the sea.

A landing was soon made, and the captain came ashore—a swaggering, ill-conditioned fellow, whose ox-like strength and ferocity of temper held his little world in check.

There was clamorous outcry for goods expected or space for new cargo, but it consumed little time, since a large dry goods box carried the average shipment.

The appearance of the boat—her crew and passengers, was anything but prepossessing. Rough, uncouth, and, for the most part, depraved, the prospect of a journey with such men was disheartening.

But Winslow and his party resolved to make the best of it, keeping themselves and their inopportune refinement as much in the background as possible. Cramped quarters were provided them, and when the boat was ready they took leave of the settlement, with surprisingly little regret, considering your fondness for 'pot luck.' Winslow said, laughingly to Lavender:

The boat made slow progress, but they found ample entertainment in the beauties of the view. The sky and water, the now verdant banks on either side, were constant food for thought, or converse. But to the majority of their fellow-voyagers, blind to shifting cloud and changing shadow, to ice-seamed bluff and towering pine, the hours dragged wearily.

Gambling was the chief diversion, and most of the men were inveterate players. Among these was a once wealthy planter journeying in company with an octoroon slave. He had lost a fortune at the gaming table, but was possessed with a fever to win it back at a like hazard. The woman usually watched his play, and her influence alone had thus far prevented his utter ruin. Over his shoulder she often hung, and her dark comeliness would attract him from the dice or cards.

Toward the close of the second day's travel Winslow walked into the forward cabin, where the planter sat at cards with two men. One of them, Pat Finch, the captain, shouted as Winslow entered: "Take a hand?"

"No, thanks. I'll look on." There was silence, broken only by the rattle of coin, and the oaths of the players.

The air was stifling with the fumes of drink and tobacco, but Winslow remained, fascinated by the tense attitude of the gamblers. Evidently some untoward excitement was pending—the stakes were high.

Suddenly there was a gurgling cry of "Lost by God!" and the planter fell face downward on the table, scattering cards and money in blind confusion.

Another pause, then Finch, the captain, spoke: "It was a fair game, and, damme, if she ain't mine!" At the brutal words, the prostrate man rose, and shot a look of mingled hatred and pleading as would have touched a heart not mailed and proof.

Suspicion of the frightful barter came over Winslow, but controlling a sickening sense of disgust, he asked, calmly: "Then the stakes were high, gentlemen?"

The planter groaned and dropped his head again to the table.

With a devil-may-care fling of his great shoulders, the captain rose. "High!" he repeated, "well, if there's a finer wench in the Louisiana territory, I'd like to have her, that's all."

At this the stricken player sprang to his feet, and with the grasp of a tiger was at the speaker's throat.

The other's wide, frightened eyes peered over the threshold.

Instantly the clinched men relaxed their hold, and the planter sank to his seat again.

With wondering anxiety the woman scanned each face, then timidly approached the gamester: "William, master, speak to me—what is it?"

A groan was the only response; then roughly Finch spoke: "We played until he lost everything he had—but you. Then, well, then he staked—and lost again."

The woman stood rigid. Over her eyes a horrid comprehension grew, darkening them like a film shutting out the light.

Finch grasped her with half-scowl, half-leer on his cruel face. "One man's meat is another man's pizen, you know, my girl."

With a shriek she turned from him to sink at the feet of her master. "Not me? You have not sold me?" and she murmured broken words of anguish, groveling on the floor, her head on his knee.

"We are intruding, senior." It was the third player who spoke—a tall, heavy-browed Spaniard, his massive head covered with black curls on which was carelessly tilted a wide-brimmed hat. This he pulled lower, as if to hide the womanish pique in his eyes.

"Let us go," he said, "this is not the first time men have fought for a woman," and he turned away.

Winslow was tempted to follow—both from personal unwillingness to witness the harrowing scene, and from innate respect for the sanctity of sorrow. But just then he met the agonized gaze of the octoroon. All a woman's soul flashed from the eyes of this helpless chattel.

Rapidly his mind searched every avenue of escape for her. There was a way—he would try it.

"Will you tarry a moment?" and he closed the door as he spoke, "I have a suggestion to make."

There was a compelling power in his quiet words which made the crushed man raise his head with sudden hungry hope in the bloodshot eyes. The woman staggered to her feet. Capt. Finch rewarded the speaker with a glare of malignant questioning.

(To Be Continued.)

APPAREL AND THE MAN. Truth That Shakespeare Knew Where- of He Spoke Is Seen Every Day in Business World.

Among the most valuable assets the worker in almost any field can have are the razor, the shoe brush and the tooth powder. These are possessions within the reach of anyone. To have them and use them is a powerful help toward success. To neglect them is one of the surest means of meeting failure.

There is no man, no matter how careless he may be of his own personal appearance, that would not rather talk business to a man who is cleanly shaven, whose shoes are shined, whose teeth are white, and whose linen is in good condition, than to a man who is careless about his appearance. Employers know that the careful salesman usually sells the most goods. They know, too, that Shakespeare was right when he said that the apparel doth oft proclaim the man. They reason that unless a man has respect for himself he does not much mind whether others have respect for him or not. And a man who cannot inspire respect in those with whom he does business is not half so valuable as the man who can.

First impressions often are the strongest impressions. A well-groomed man wins his way where the shabbily clad man is refused a hearing. Most big business concerns insist either indirectly or by printed rule upon attention to the little details that go to make up a man's general appearance.

Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but it also is next to success. Any man who has been in business for any length of time can point out fellow workers who would have succeeded better had they paid more attention to their appearance. They don't have to be "dudes" to make good, but even at that "dudes" have made good where tramps have failed. If it is necessary to make a choice, better be a "dude" than a tramp. The latter may get more shiftless satisfaction out of himself, but the former gives more satisfaction to others, and it is largely the others who make or break a man in business.

FIELD OF ISANDHLWANA.

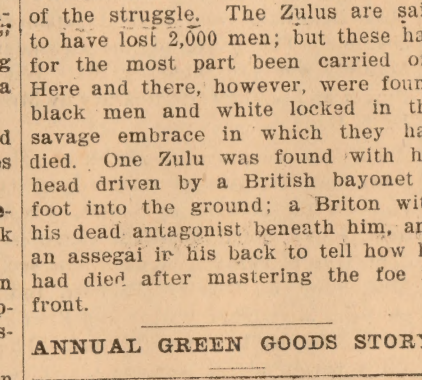
Where the Zulus Under Cetewayo
Wiped Out British Force—Proof
That Struggle Was Fierce.

The Zulus of to-day, it seems, are as alert and cunning as their predecessors, who, under Cetewayo, wrought such terrible havoc. Every European on the spot knows the history of those bloody days, and of Isandhlwana in particular. If any would teach the necessity for vigilant scouting, that would. While the late Lord Chelmsford was splitting up his forces, the enemy, 15,000 strong, lay low to charge down upon Isandhlwana in his absence. He returned to the camp to find every man butchered. The whole force left over, 800, had been slain, while the victors had made a haul of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, two seven-pounder guns, 400 rounds of shot and shell, 800 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball cartridges, 50,000 rounds of commissariat supplies, and certain regimental colors.

The bravest were heartiest when they went to bury the victims of Isandhlwana. For five months the bodies lay unburied, though gallant men volunteered again and again in the meantime to undertake the work. Carriers had accomplished their foul work, and merciful nature with a green carpet of verdure had done her best to obliterate the awful recital of the tragic day. But the burial party were able to discover 500 bodies and identify many.

Portraits and letters, jewelry and souvenirs littered the hillside. Everywhere were evidences of the ferocity of the struggle. The Zulus are said to have lost 2,000 men; but these had for the most part been carried off. Here and there, however, were found black men and white locked in the savage embrace in which they had died. One Zulu was found with his head driven by a British bayonet a foot into the ground; a Briton with his head antagonist beneath him, and an assegai in his back to tell how he had died after mastering the foe in front.

ANNUAL GREEN GOODS STORY.

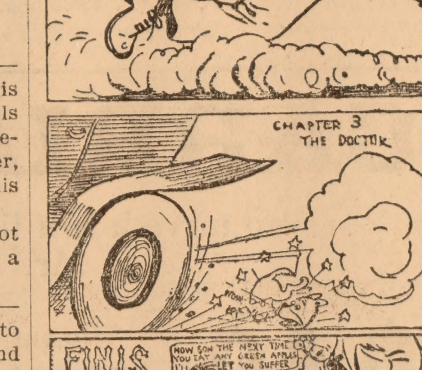


YELLOW HAT AND CREAM WHITE DRESS.

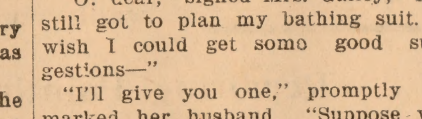
vet band edged the short sleeve, the little jacket was closed in front by buckle-adorned black velvet ribbons. The dusky sock ribbon was very pretty against the beautiful lace.

A number of refreshing simple hats are worn with the simple morning tub frocks, trimming reduced to the lowest terms. One charming black chip sailor or was twined about its crown a wreath of crimson ramblers, a blue sailor a garland of baby white roses, an all white hat a careless spray of daisies and nothing else. And the little frocks themselves are so fresh and neat, as a rule one-piece dresses.

White mohairs and Panamas in-



CHAPTER 2 THE FATHER.



CHAPTER 3 THE DOCTOR.

Not So Short.
"O! dear," sighed Mrs. Galley, "I've still got to plan my bathing suit. I wish I could get some good suggestions."

"I'll give you one," promptly remarked her husband. "Suppose you build the bottom of it a little closer to sea-level this year."

Literary History.
Prof. W. H. Schofield is preparing two more volumes of "Literary History of England," to complete the series which Stopford Brooke, Prof. Saintsbury and Mr. Gosse have already contributed.

The Summer Styles Most Attractive



PUT ON YOUR BEST SUMMER FINERY.

At this time of the year the very prettiest possessions in the wardrobe are brought forth. No more saving now for great occasions, summer's reign is brief at the best, and let us wear out summer stuffs ere the season vanish. A group of warm-weather frocks of exceptional beauty were are tempted to dwell upon. One was a dull pink muslin, made in quaint modified Empire fashion; worn with this a short sacque coat of dark red glace silk, the hat a black chip draped with black lace and bearing a single red rose in front. A tall dark-eyed girl wore a white muslin dress and a short light blue glace coat, with a white lace lingerie hat trimmed with light blue ribbon. A matron looked exceedingly well in a little black glace coat accompanying a white voile skirt, a white embroidered collar standing out against the black of the coat.

White and yellow are sometimes very good together, especially if only a little of the color be used. A white Danish cloth dress, creamy in tone, and trimmed with straps of cream silk, was worn with a yellow straw hat adorned with yellow plumes. This costume was effective, and a change from all-white quite pleasing. The paraisol, of course, was white. Nine out of every ten paraisols seen are white. A white wool trimmed with bands of light gray is modish, introducing the pale gray note and the strap trimming liked on tailored dresses. Not a little brilliant green is used in ribbons for midsummer millinery, and hat crowns are now of a remarkable height. This does not mean that the low-crowned hat of early spring is relegated to things that were, but that

new midsummer cheapens have much higher crowns, this perhaps most noticeable on outing hats.

The little coffee coats are of an elaboration, but skirts are plainest of the plain. A well cut and fitted plain skirt always has more style than a trimmed one, the lines following those of the figure and making a more pleasing effect. The popular coffee coat answers many purposes, adds a cressy touch to a costume, hides deficiencies, and is just the thing to throw on at home when an unexpected visitor arrives.

A very pretty dance frock for a young girl is made of pink organdy, and is an exception to the plain-skirt dictum just laid down. But dance frocks may be exceptions—so long as they are pretty and becoming. The skirt is just a succession of flounces, the lowest about ten inches wide, a flounce decreasing in width one inch as it ascends, save that those about the hips are of a like size and the skirt is constructed of many lace-edged ruffles, and also the sleeves. There is a round baby yoke, with low Dutch neck, of lace insertion. The girle is of pink liberty silk with long streamers at the middle of the front.

The tulle boas, both colored and those of white or black, are worn with pleasing effect by all women; but the short woman should not take to ruffs. For her the low neck, which fortunately happens to be the fashion at present, and the rolling collar. A V-shaped cut is becoming to the stout lady, and gives more slenderness than the Dutch neck. But tulle boas, or no tulle boas, women-to-day, slender and pump, are very prettily costumed.

crease in number, perhaps the best models those trimmed only with tucking. Tucking is used for lingerie waists again; some of the newest models are made of all-over tucking. The materials are of the softest and finest, and a comfort to the laundress, such iron very easily; even tucking need have no terrors for the wash lady. With these waists lace and embroidery are used sparingly, and must be the finest of the fine.

A frock of pink handkerchief linen costs money, but is so exquisite one forgets the outlay. With the pink handkerchief linen a very fine Swiss embroidery goes beautifully, and employ the embroidery sparingly, not to detract from daintiness. There is no lovelier summer combination than the combination of pink and white, and to-day the pinks all being in such esteem, it has fashion as well as prettiness to commend it.

Very delicate dresses are worn on the street, the public thoroughfares thereby given a holiday aspect. Once it would have appeared strange to see a matron strolling along the street in a dress of pale blue silk, but not today. A young matron looks very pretty and youthful in a gown of light blue taffeta, its fashion so simple as to cause no comment when made use of as a church dress. There is a separate laxated ruffled sleeve of cream cotton lace, so soft and pretty one forgets to criticize quality. The girle, as already should be, is of the material of the main part of the dress—nothing more awkward, it seems to us, than a girle drawing attention to the point where waist and skirt meet. To return to the costume whose details we have suggested, the hat accompanying this (it is a yellow lace straw, the long gloves the same shade).

For the aesthetic value, every big automobile should have a group of summer ladies on the back seat, their voluminous draperies and floating veils taking from the machine aspect of the ugly vehicle. Yesterday an auto flashed by with three ladies in the rear seat, and we noted all three wore white chiffon veils, and that the effect was better than when colors are flaunted. If of good quality the chiffon veil may be washed in soap and water, it is cleanly well and dainty.

QUIET KING OF BEASTS.

Beautiful Animal Seen by Young Englishman in Nigeria Was of Peaceful Disposition.

That the lion is not always the roaring, tearing beast of legendary fame, when he hears his master's footsteps. He was fat as butter, sleek coated and glossy.

"My pony, as the breeze was coming from the other direction, did not wind him and went steadily on without so much as pricking up his ears. My dog was walking on in front, about ten yards, and luckily did not notice him. It was not until I was actually passing him that I realized that if the lion took it into his head to fancy a bit of white man I should be unable to dispute his right."

"After I had proceeded some 150 yards the lion got up leisurely and followed along the road behind me, but after going about 100 yards, he turned into the bush at the side of the road."

Life like other pleasures, so many have complained that it is short.

"I quit coffee entirely and used Postum in its place. I have regained my health entirely and can eat anything that is cooked to eat. I have increased in weight until now I weigh more than I ever did; I have not taken any medicine for my stomach since I began using Postum. Why, I believe Postum will almost digest an iron wedge."

"My family would stick to coffee at first, but they saw the effects it had on me, and when they were feeling bad they began to use Postum, one at a time, until now we all use Postum."

"Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee proves the truth, an easy and pleasant way. 'There's a reason.' Look in pkg. for a copy of the famous little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Depraved Blood Causes Pimples and Boils—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood and Cure Follows.

"I abused my stomach, my blood got out of order and then my face broke out with pimples and boils," says T. E. Robertson, of 197 Addison street, Washington, Pa. "This was over two years ago. My stomach was in bad shape. After eating I would have to rest awhile or I would suffer the most severe pains in my stomach. On arising I would often be so dizzy that I could hardly stand up. The slightest exertion would start my back aching so that I often had to sit down and rest awhile. At times I experienced a pain around the heart which alarmed me but which I suppose came from my stomach trouble."

"I began to break out on the face with pimples and later with boils with a line me to the house a week or more at a time. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a pamphlet which was left at the door and I thought I would give them a trial. I took several boxes of the pills before all now going to say that my blood is good. I do not have any eruptions and I no longer have the head and stomach troubles I have described. I am very grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and I have recommended them and always will advise those who are suffering from bad blood or stomach trouble to try them."

If you want good health you must have good blood. Bad blood is the root of most common diseases like anemia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, nervousness, indigestion, dizziness, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

New Fruit of Value.

A new fruit that seems likely to prove of considerable value has been introduced by the cultivation of the very familiar "maypop," a plant which is very familiar in the southern states, quite ornamental, easily grown from seeds and affords a handsome cover for arbors and verandas. It is known to botanists as *Passiflora incarnata*. The fruit in its improved form is somewhat bigger than a hen's egg and decidedly palatable. It looks like a May apple.

Attractive Colorado Booklet.

One of the most attractive of the summer vacation booklets that have been issued is "A Colorado Summer," put out by the passenger department of the Santa Fe railroad. The picturesque mountain scenery and the descriptions of it which the booklet gives impress the reader with a new idea of the grandeur of the mountain crags of Colorado, and will start one day-dreaming of the time when he can view for himself the magnificence which the booklet describes. After reading the booklet one must certainly be convinced that Colorado offers both pleasure and health for every summer tourist. "A Colorado Summer" may be secured from Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Manager, Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

Another Australian Experiment.

Suitable farming land is provided by the Australian government for groups of men and their families that will ultimately form village settlements, but they are not to be cooperative—each settler will stand or fall on his own merits. Government overseers will guide and instruct the settlers for two years, and the house erected for his use can be used as a public hall or school. Plain rations, implements, a small stock of cows, poultry, etc., will be supplied for the first year. This will be charged as a loan and must be eventually refunded to the state.

CURIOS AND ODDITIES.

Only one woman in 100 insures her life.

Ellen Terry is passionately fond of cats.

Sarah Bernhardt has a huge bed 15 feet long.

Patti sleeps with a silk scarf about her neck.

Brides in Australia are petted with rose leaves.

In stature Eskimo women are the shortest on earth.

No photographs are ever taken of women in China.

A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of 30.

In Africa wives are sold for two packets of hairpins.

New York has 27,000 women who support their husbands.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler Tells How to Eat and How to Assimilate.

Dr. George F. Butler, medical superintendent of the Alma Springs Sanatorium, Alma, Mich., in the October number of "How to Live," gives some interesting as well as sensible rules for acquiring and keeping health. He says: "Without we eat and drink, we die! The provocative to do both rests with the appetite, which, in process of time, becomes a very uncertain guide; for the palate will often induce a desire and relish for that which is most mischievous and indigestible. The old saying of 'eat what you like' is now shunned by everybody of 30 years' experience. Still, without appetite, it is a very difficult affair to subsist—for the pleasure depends chiefly upon the relish. The relish may become, as has been stated, a vitiated one, but it is quite possible to make the stomach, by a little forbearance and practice, as enamored of what is wholesome and nutritious, as of that which is hurtful and non-concoctable."

Again he says: "The delicate should feed carefully, not abundantly; it is not quantity which nourishes, but only that which assimilates." "Be careful of your digestion," is the keynote of the doctor's argument. He says: "Health in man, as in other animals, depends upon the proper performance of all functions. These functions may be shortly said to be three: (1) tissue change; (2) removal of waste; (3) supply of new material. For the activity of man, like the heat of the fire by which he cooks his food, is maintained by combustion; and just as the fire may be prevented from burning brightly by improper disposition of the fuel, or imperfect supply of air, and as it will certainly go out if fresh fuel is not supplied, so man's activity may be lessened by imperfect tissue change and may be put to rest by an insufficient supply of new material and imperfect removal of waste products."

"We should see to it that free elimination is maintained, for the ashes must be kept out of the system in order to have good health. The skin, kidneys and bowels must do their eliminative work properly. If the bowels occasionally become torpid, try to regulate them with exercise and proper food, such as fruits, green vegetables, salads, cereals, corn, whole wheat or graham bread, fish, poultry, light soups, etc. Plenty of water is also valuable, and a glass full of cold or hot water the first thing upon rising in the morning will aid much in overcoming constipation. Regular habit, cold baths, and massage are very efficacious. In case the constipation does not yield to these hygienic measures, some simple, harmless laxative may be required, such as California Syrup of Figs—a non-irritating preparation of senna—a non-irritating laxative mineral water, or fig syrup. In some cases, but not to be employed continually."

"Above all be an optimist, keep the heart young. Cultivate kindness, cheerfulness and love, and do not forget that 'we shall pass through this world but once.' Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

Wants International Observatory.
Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard observatory, proposes to establish an international observatory. His committee is to be composed of the eminent astronomers of the world, who are to raise a sum of money, have a gigantic telescope built, and placed on the most suitable spot on earth, and all to go to work.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottle.

Even an electric button won't accomplish much unless it is pushed.

What is a Backache?

IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Woman's Organism Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Women utter these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, nervousness and no ambition for any task.

"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN GAMBLING," SHE SAID, "BUT IN SUCH A CAUSE WE WON'T SQUANDER."

hiding his rage and discomfiture under a grim laugh, he strode from the room. There was some excited talk, and a stifled scream from the octoon. For the first time Winslow addressed her. "I believe they call you mine, since the cards have so decreed, but pardon me, if I decline the honor. It would save me responsibility if you would remain under the care of this gentleman," and he waved his hand toward the planter.

Without a word, but with a world of gratitude in her deep eyes, the woman glided to her old master's side. He murmured a half articulate "Thank you" to Winslow, and together they left the room. "Well, you are a sottie!" "What are you skeered of?" But Winslow was glad to escape the jeering congratulations, and quickly made his way out and up to the deck, followed only by the Spaniard.

"This is Mr. Winslow, I believe," the latter said. "My name is Gonzaga."

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.) CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Winslow continued: "If, as I understand, this gentleman has lost, and the woman is the stake upon his side, then, according to the laws of gambling—for I believe, there are laws of gambling—the woman is yours." He indicated the winner by a polite bow. Then may I inquire the amount staked against her?" he added.

A pause followed this abrupt question. The planter, whose courage gradually rose with his springing hope, muttered: "One hundred dollars." "One hundred dollars? A pitiful sum! You gave frightful odds. But of course you felt sure of winning." Winslow added, with suave sarcasm. Then turning to the captain, he proceeded: "It appears, then, that the woman is yours, but she is evidently an unwilling prize. Does not this fact considerably lessen her value? Suppose we play again, she the stake on your side—this mine."

He drew a small sack from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. No sound followed the clink of metal, not a woman's shuddering sigh.

Under gloomy brows her old master stared at the new. The latter stood for a moment, a frown of baffled rage distorting his sinister face.

"She was fairly staked, and fairly won," he declared. "The odds are my business, and d—d if I'm to be bamboozled out of the profit of a fair game!"

"But what profit is there in an unwilling slave? You might sell her, to be sure, but that would not be sportsmanlike, and—here Winslow stepped nearer with insinuating clink of money: "Come, you are no Shylcock! He slowly counted out \$100 which he held to the table. The sack he replaced in his pocket.

All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a sturdy, should break a lance with so hard an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes. Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then, for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottle.

Even an electric button won't accomplish much unless it is pushed.

hiding his rage and discomfiture under a grim laugh, he strode from the room.

There was some excited talk, and a stifled scream from the octoon. For the first time Winslow addressed her. "I believe they call you mine, since the cards have so decreed, but pardon me, if I decline the honor. It would save me responsibility if you would remain under the care of this gentleman," and he waved his hand toward the planter.

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"Well, you are a sottie!" "What are you skeered of?" But Winslow was glad to escape the jeering congratulations, and quickly made his way out and up to the deck, followed only by the Spaniard.

"This is Mr. Winslow, I believe," the latter said. "My name is Gonzaga."

After a few preliminary words, he said, admiringly: "You play well, sir, for an American," adding, with a smile, "I think my countryman must have had a glimpse of you revealed to him when he wrote his story of 'Don Quixote.'"

Winslow laughed. "You flatter me, and yet in the matter of ridicule, perhaps I do share his honors." The Spaniard did not reply to this, and the two men smoked in silence.

At last Gonzaga spoke. "You have been a light-errant to fairer dames than this octoon—is it not so?"

At this meaning tone Winslow frowned; it was plain whither the question tended. He had observed this stranger's eyes following Lavender in bold admiration. It was only

a matter of time when, in the little privacy afforded by the crowded boat, he would have an opportunity to thrust his acquaintance upon them. This Winslow meant to defer as long as possible, for motives he could not have explained.

But this foreigner was not to be lightly turned from his purpose. "I quite envy you, sir," he persisted, "you are not dependent for society upon the rabble of the boat. Would it be too much to ask an introduction to your charmed circle?"

At that moment Lavender appeared on deck. Seeing Winslow engaged with a stranger, she would have turned back, but Gonzaga spoke loud in an affectation of civility: "Pray, do not let me disturb you," and in his manner was evident expectation of the introduction, which Charles grudgingly gave.

Lavender courted low, then, turned to Winslow with a teasing smile: "I hear you have been gambling," she said, "but in such a cause we won't squander."

Gonzaga interposed: "Truly, the woman seemed well worth the effort." But the suspicion of evil in his tone was too carefully veiled for Lavender's understanding. "Indeed, she is," was her simple comment. "Such gratitude I have never seen. We are all grateful, for humanity's sake."

Charles waived further discussion of the subject, and as soon as possible found an excuse to take Lavender below.

The Spaniard stood alone, pensively watching the smoke from his cigar, as it idly curled above his head, or with a sudden flaw was blown away in whirling rings.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, half aloud: "A rose blossoming in the wilderness!"

His teeth showed in a sardonic smile. "Nor is this rose without its guardian thorn. Well, so much the better worth plucking!" and he joined the others in the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

Thenceforward the little party was augmented by the unfailing presence of the Spaniard, Gonzaga.

Yet the newcomer bore himself in such quiet, gentlemanly fashion, as to disarm objections. He was never obtrusive, and contrived to make his society so agreeable that to none was he unwelcome. Even Winslow, who secretly deplored his coming, could not but admire his tact, his graceful, flowery conversation, his knowledge of the world.

To Mrs. Creighton one day the stranger said: "I have no plans, madam, and when I hear you talk of your future home, and of all you mean to do there, I feel like a wanderer, a good-for-naught. And in truth, I am. A long sojourn in New Orleans became fatiguing; I heard a great deal of this wonderful new land which my own country was foolish enough to let slip from its crown. One day a boat started, thither bound. I embarked—I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence. There were, however, two of the party to whom this new acquaintance was most welcome. Though America and the Indian guide kept ever in the background, they were alert and watchful; keen to observe the slightest change in the situation.

In spite of the antipathy of race and habit, there was a bond uniting these two—a bond stronger than creed or custom. Red skin and black covered hearts that beat in unison to the same refrain, love for those they served. They would sit apart from the others, native antagonism bridged by this common interest.

The stranger they eyed with disfavor, with that instinctive dislike which needs no warrant. With the Indian this was suspicion—a habit of blood. With America, a conservative fear of change.

"I ain't got no call to complain," she said to Owatoga, "an' dis yer Spain man may be all right. But we don't need 'im. We done come so fur widout his com'ny, an' I reckon we kin go de res' ob de way."

And Owatoga, grunted assent, for what of America's words failed to impress his untutored ear, her gestures and manner conveyed.

But there was another on board for whom the Indian felt a far deeper aversion, and that was the captain, Finch. It was plain to Owatoga that ever since the gambling episode, this man had cherished for Winslow a secret grudge. Over his every movement, therefore, he kept anxious watch.

Quarters on the boat were so crowded that in sheer necessity of rest and change, Mrs. Creighton and Lavender spent much time on deck. Here games were indulged in, principally matches for rifle practice, with the captain for leading performer. His aim was unerring, and he was reckless in his display. Many a luckless pig on shore owed the loss of his tail to this man's prowess. Once when Lavender ventured a pitting remonstrance, he burst: "Don't you worry about them tails, miss. They kin be thankful I'm sech a good shot and leave 'em the rest of their carcasses."

The octoon, too, had observed the malevolent glances with which the captain's eyes traveled from her to Winslow. There was no mistaking their baleful glitter, and Winslow was her savior from worse than death, the object of her reverent gratitude. Over him, she, too, kept unmarked vigilance.

One afternoon she noticed the two in conversation, and hovered near in time to hear the last of the boatman's words: "Try it jest to show that ye bear no ill-will. I'm right proud of the trick."

"But I'm afraid I don't understand," she heard Winslow say, and the man explained. "The idea is to knock a cup off'n a man's head at 20 paces, and never make a hole in it."

Winslow shrugged his shoulders. "But how about the man?" "Never tetch 'im! It may take some nerve to stand up again a loaded rifle, but lots o' men hev done it, and I ain't never spilled my man yet. Ye see, it's on the principle of barkin' a squirrel; ye aim at a spot above the certifier's head, and the way with the cup—the shock knocks it off, and there ye are. It's easier 'n fallin' off a log."

He was determined to prove his words, and the test found not witnesses only, but assistants.

"You try first, Pete." In response to the suggestion, a shock-headed youth came forward frowning—not with anger, but with embarrassment at finding himself the cynosure of all eyes.

The cup was placed upon his head. "Stand right against the post," Pat commanded, "I'll shoot at the knot above your head, and the cup'll drop off; see if it don't. Now, stand still!"

The silence which followed was broken only by the click of the captain's rifle. Then a sharp bang, a woman's scream, and the clatter of the cup to the floor.

"Bully for you, Pat," roared one enthusiastic auditor. This the marksman received with a snarl: "Wha did I tell you?"

The shock-headed youth, a trifle pale, but otherwise none the worse for his experiment, stumbled to a seat. His place was filled by another, anxious to prove his mettle—with the same result. Another and another—the boatman's aim was ever steady, his eye ever true.

The Spaniard left his place by Lavender's side. "Let me try," he called to Finch.

The girl detained him by a gesture. "It is foolhardy, dangerous." But he gently shook off her restraining arm. "I am fond of experiments in general, and this one in particular will enlarge my experience." For this man well knew that by his worldly knowledge, wide range and varied exploits, he had won the attention of this simple girl, to whose romantic side it was his plan to appeal.

"You never seem afraid of anything," she said, with direct and honest compliment.

He rewarded her by a glance full of tender import, and took his position at the post.

Winslow had seen the little by-play, and an all unreasoning anger deprived him of his usual sober judgment. In vain he argued within himself that Lavender's anxiety was purely womanish, born of no personal preference. In vain he reflected that her manner was always unduly earnest, with an inclination to the dramatic.

He resented the attitude; he would test her upon the first opportunity. From the position at the post, all unarmed, Gonzaga descended with a smile of triumph, and walked directly up to Lavender ready for his meed of praise.

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand. At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it was to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to place.

"Mr. Winslow—Charles, no, no," Lavender begged, but he shook his head firmly and smiled. A chorus of rowdy cheers drowned her remonstrance.

A voice in her ear whispered: "Are you, then, afraid for your friend?" There was a covert sneer in the Spaniard's manner which the girl resented.

"Mr. Winslow is as equal to the absurd test, but as liable to hurt, as those of less sense. The whole business is idiotic; the game surely not worth the candle. I—we can let him take the chances."

"And I? How about my chances?" But Lavender failed to detect the double meaning in his question, nor did she catch his ardent glance, for her eyes were following the scene on the forward deck.

The man at the rifle waited with his back toward her, directly in front of the post where Winslow stood. And near him—so close that warning shouts urged her back, stood the octoon.

"Gilt out o' the way!" But the woman paid no heed. If she moved at all, it was but to steal nearer the mark.

The cup was placed upon Winslow's head, and Pat Finch raised the rifle. The dark, gaunt, crouching almost in the gleaming barrel. Then her glance ran like lightning to the cruel eyes behind it. There was a flash, a report, and the third of a falling body. Both Winslow and the slave he had redeemed lay prostrate at the foot of the post.

Instantly there was an uproar, and the rush of excited men to the rescue. With a scream of terror, Lavender darted forward, but before she could reach the spot, and to the general amazement, both rose and faced the crowd.

In the silence Winslow stared at the woman beside him. Her olive skin was darker with horror, and she staggered to the post as if for support.

"What's the matter?" demanded Finch, striding forward.

"I can offer no explanation," Winslow returned, calmly, "except that the young woman," he indicated the octoon, "was overcome and fell against me. Not expecting the weight, I toppled ignominiously," he concluded, with an apologetic smile.

Then, at the captain's urging, he replaced the cup on his head. But the dark woman snatched it away, and threw it out far over the water. "No, no, not again, no, never!" she poured out the words in a torrent of feeling. "The rifle was not aimed true! I saw it, but it was too late. I saw the flash, and then—I pushed you out—out of range. I—I could think of no other way," she concluded, with a burst of sob.

A hush fell upon the company, sobered by the sudden flapping of the wings of Death.

A voice from the crowd at length broke the spell: "Well, Pat, I reckon ye're glad the wench saved ye from bein' a murderer; but how in—l come ye to make sech a mistake?"

[To Be Continued.]

Taking No Chances. Mrs. Nardy—So you're not going away and leave your husband this summer? "He'll be lonesome, ch?" Mrs. Butts—No; on the contrary, I'm afraid he won't be.—The Sun

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BY THE WAY.

Even a stingy person is always willing to give advice. No one is so prosperous that he can afford to malign other people. A desire to get even has often been the keynote of a man's success. Value of property is entirely a matter of whether somebody wants it. There are smaller dividends in the practice of hate than in any other occupation. It is hard to persuade a community that you are any better than your neighbors. A man does not really get old until he begins to feel secret pride in his infirmities. Every person imagines that his is a special case among the ills that afflict mankind in general.—Uncle Dick, in Madison Journal.

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Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianapolis, now living at Austin, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow of urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different medicines, I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well today as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

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BADGER PHILOSOPHY.
A man can't be unusually polite without being looked upon with suspicion. When the real nature of a man's business is in doubt it is often hinted that he is a gambler. A woman is never satisfied with herself until she has outdone her neighbor in some respect. It's hard to understand why actors with such fabulous salaries always stop at such modest hotels. Lots of people think they have been cheated unless they get more than their money's worth.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Married life is a constant struggle," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "The wife struggles to keep up appearances and the husband struggles to keep down expenses."

Some women wouldn't be satisfied in Heaven without burglar-proof vaults in which to lock up their heels.

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On the Corner

Stay With It.

The first day mother sent me to school I went home at recess, thinking school was out. As I have grown older I find that a whole lot of people did the same thing, and the sad part of the affair is that too many of us never went back. In life be careful that you don't go home at recess. If you start to learn a trade or profession, stay by it and master it. Don't chase away at recess. If you have a business, attend to it. Don't go home at recess. This going home at recess has sent many a business man into bankruptcy. It has caused mothers' tears to flow and mother hearts to ache. It has made crusty old bachelors and sour old maids. It has filled worlds with ignorance and made barren deserts of fertile plains. Going home at recess means that you have fallen asleep at the switch and your train has plunged into the ditch. Always stay until school is out—Osborne County (Kan.) Farmer.

The Air of London.

There is no fresh air in the heart of London, according to the conclusions of a recent investigator. He says: "No evidence of ozone was anywhere apparent except at Brownwood park, in the northeast. It was from the northeast quarter the wind was blowing, and the air had lost all trace of ozone before it had reached Hyde park. At Bushey park, although practically a country district, no ozone was present in the air. London had not only abstracted the goodness out of the air that swept over it, but had added to it the exhalations from the breath and bodies of millions of human beings and of tens of thousands of animals. Persons living within a one or two mile radius of Charing Cross cannot have fresh air entering their dwellings at any time."

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The Ypsilantian.

Established January 1, 1880
W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor
The YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.
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YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

The Police Court Is Busy.

The peaceful opening of Justice Gunn's term of office was not prophetic, and any one who does not think the Justice is earning his salary should stay in his office awhile.

Thursday he obtained a pretty souvenir for his desk in the form of a bottle of liquid Paris green. Some time ago an old colored woman was obliged by change of owners to move, much against her will. Recently some friends of hers moved in where she had been and she hastened to warn them not to use the well. She said there was a bottle of quicksilver in that well and she feared the water would not be wholesome. The police searched the well, unearthing a small bottle of Paris green, tightly corked. Later another bottle was found containing quicksilver, a leather pouch securely tied over the top. Evidently the one who put them there had counted on the pump chain to break the bottles.

The theory is that the woman put the poison in the well to harm her successors and these proving to be her friends, she warned them. No arrests were made, as nothing could be proved, and the woman is very old and hardly responsible.

Saturday Justice Gunn settled down to business. First came a civil suit of W. G. Archer vs. Hans Johnson to recover \$110 balance due on books and outfit advanced him by Archer when canvassing. The case has dragged for two years, and as Johnson was not present or represented, the justice took the case under advisement. He suspended sentence on August Meyer, charged with using indecent language, but repentant and promising to reform, and warned the boys that had been stealing copper from the Peninsular mill to keep off those premises and to quit stealing under pain of sharp treatment next time. About \$50 worth of copper was recovered. Charles Taylor was brought in charged with drunkenness. Taylor is an elderly colored man, and has a habit when drunk of thinking he hears some one coming after him, and going to his door at night and shooting promiscuously into the darkness. His case went over to Tuesday. In the evening Edward Kramer, drunk, paid \$1 and costs and George Miller of Ann Arbor, drunk, paid the costs.

Tuesday the rush began again. Sam Mitchell and Andrew Boyle, the two umbrella menders who are chronic cases, were given 30 days at Ann Arbor for drunkenness. John Adams of Saline paid \$3 and \$4.00 costs for too much circus lemonade and August Meyer, whose reformation was brief, was sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit House of Correction. Wilbur Carter, colored, paid \$3 and costs, \$4.00, for a similar cause. Carter made Officer Ryan a heap of trouble on the street several times while going to jail and got badly battered up for his pains. He began the trouble by picking a fight with one of the showmen, it is said, and getting badly cut in that scrap. The Taylor case came up again that afternoon. Taylor was tried under the statute, though Prosecutor Sawyer said his case came under the ordinance and would not give the order for the trial. Taylor was let off on payment of the heavy costs and on promise to reform. Justice Gunn says Taylor is not a tramp and cases of some sorts of residents will be tried by him under the statute even without the prosecutor. Mr. Sawyer classes all drunks in the hob class and will not O K county fees for them. That evening Clarence Harter living west of town, pleaded guilty to defrauding the DeMoshes of livery hire and paid \$3 and costs, the first case under the new statute.

Van Amburg Shows.

The Van Amburg shows have come and gone, and we hear nothing but most favorable comment on the part of those patronizing them. The first thing to attract attention was the large group of horses, which were in fine condition and speak volumes for the care given them. The animals were all in good form and were very interesting. The large tent was comfortably filled in the afternoon, but in the evening was crowded to its utmost capacity. Everybody was delighted with the show, and what was especially noticeable was the good order both outside and within the tent. As is always the case, there were a few sleek operators following the shows, but they were closely watched, and persons minding their own business had no story of skin games to tell of. On the whole it was one of the most satisfactory shows that has ever come to Ypsilanti and should they come again would receive a most cordial welcome.

Auction.

Warren Lewis is a practical and successful auctioneer. He has the selling of live stock and real estate down to perfection. He has made some of the largest live stock sales ever held in the United States and Canada.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Council Proceedings.

City Clerk Damon was granted a vacation of two weeks by the council Monday night, one thing that all will agree is well done.

The council went on ordering things about as usual. South Summit street residents who want their curbing at once were granted their request. Curbing was ordered on the west side of Prospect street between Oak and Maple; on north side Congress from Adams to Hamilton; on south Adams by the Younglove place; on east side Adams from Cross street to Florence and from Forest to Olive, both sides; also on north side Ellis from Perrin to Normal. Objections will be heard Aug. 6.

A petition to open Perrin street north from Forest avenue to St. John street, which will be a great convenience to those who send their children to the Normal from St. John and neighboring streets, was referred to the streets and walks committee.

The board of works inquiry as to how the second sewer district is to get more money was referred to the aldermen.

A request for a curb and cement gutter or apron on Pearl street, signed by C. R. Huston and others, caused much discussion. The point was made whether the city or the citizen would have to pay for the apron. Ald. Stevens thought the ward fund should take care of the gutter as in the 3d ward. Finally it was referred to the aldermen of that ward.

The ordinance committee, despairing of making the Ypsi-Ann live up to its present ordinance agreement as to sprinkling brought in an ordinance declaring it unlawful to run cars inside the city limits at over six miles an hour, under penalty of \$50 fine or 90 days' imprisonment for each offense, but exempting the company that thoroughly sprinkles between the tracks and eighteen inches beyond them from this provision.

The ordinance was put over till the next meeting.

All accounts were allowed.

A storm sewer on Adams street between Michigan and Congress was allowed.

Ald. Norton thought the curbing inspector ought to do the assessing of curbing without extra pay, and Ald. Stevens objected to paying half a cent for measuring a foot of curb. Ald. Brown thought \$2 a day for actual time spent should be paid, and it was so settled.

A letter was read from Rev. E. W. Ryan of Detroit, who owns considerable property here, protesting against such high taxes and saying that the masses cannot afford it. His taxes have jumped in two years from \$55 to \$78 on the same property.

Sidewalks were ordered in front of 304 and 308 Ellis street, 309 Washington street, on Oak street in front of the Post, Meyer, Howland, Schaffer, Haggerty, McRobert and Strang property.

The clerk was ordered to notify the park commission not to take down the second grandstand in the fair ground park, as the money was donated by citizens on the understanding that they were to be kept there. The protest was made by the men who wish to use the track for driving matinees.

A Work That Helps the World.

The lecture on the work at Beulah farm by Herman L. Swift, its head, at the Methodist church Sunday night was of intense interest to all who care for the efforts being made to rescue the children from the slums and make of them good citizens. Beulah farm is near Boyne City, and a costly house put up by a wealthy resident and secured for a small sum makes a fine home for many orphaned or otherwise homeless boys. These boys are usually those who are either without any one to look after them or whose people cannot control them. They are very bright and learn rapidly. The self-government plan of the colony, like the George Republic in New York, soon teaches them responsibility and arouses pride in their good behavior for the sake of the colony. They are taught books and work, trained to take care of themselves and to earn an honest living. The home cannot take a fifth of the deserving cases, but over 1300 boys have passed through its portals, many of these having been adopted into good homes. The people who carry on this great work of redemption get only \$1 a week salary besides their board. The collection and pledges made to the work at this meeting were about \$400. Mr. Swift was fortunate in coming at the time of the summer school, for many of the contributors were its attendants.

Monday evening two of the boys of Beulah farm, "Blackeyes," its president, and a boy impersonator of great gifts, Master Earnest Gatten of Ohio, gave an excellent entertainment at the Baptist church. The house was packed to its limit, and the recitations and songs seemed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the audience, for the collection amounted to \$55. Mr. Swift was surprised and delighted at the result of his stay here, and those who gave can rest assured that the money will be put to good use.

An Evening of Delight.

The Normal summer concert last night drew an immense audience that overflowed upon the fire escapes and stairways and that was most enthusiastic over the beautiful music offered by Prof. Pease. Fred Ellis never sang more beautifully, his smooth, mellow baritone and artistic method delighting every one in several of his old favorites. Mr. Ern played with exquisite delicacy and feeling and was tumultuously recalled again and again. Miss Marion Scotten of Detroit played Chopin, Liszt, the Raff Spinning song and a Schuett waltz with fine technique, much power, skill, and expression. Those who knew Mrs. Rebekah Scotten-Day as a brilliant pianist wondered why she had chosen vocal study instead. Prof. Pease and Miss Clara Brabb were admirable as accompanists, and the program of generous proportions was all too short.

The Last of a Pleasant Week.

Richard Wyche Thursday evening gave the finest of his story-lectures, the simple story of the Odyssey, without interruption or digression, and he held his hearers rapt. During the telling of the home-coming of Ulysses, the people were leaning forward and scarcely moving, so complete was the story teller's spell, and nowhere was Mr. Wyche so supreme in his art as on this night. Friday night he told some of the King Arthur stories, but he had been unable to get into the mood, so that he chose the story of Geraint instead of the Holy Grail or Elaine as an interlude, and the audience was not so satisfied, till he went on to the passing of Arthur, where the old power and magic came back and the rapport was again perfect, the hearers carried away to the lonely lake and into the mystery of Arthur's passing.

Saturday morning about fifty people had the rare delight of meeting the speaker under the trees for a story telling hour. The party sang plantation melodies and several told good stories, and after much urging President Jones gave a very clever story of his own experience that took the audience by storm. Mr. Wyche then explained the story tellers' league work, its aim to preserve traditions of events and people that are told in all neighborhoods as well as to give the tellers power in self-expression, and ended by telling the "tailypoo" ghost story till his hearers could feel their hair rise, warning them, however, never to tell such stories to young children. The hour was one of the pleasantest of all the week.

A Day of Accidents.

Harry Breining, son of Joseph Breining, and a popular young man here, was killed at Grass Lake Tuesday morning while helping switch a train. He was brakeman on the Central and was fixing an air brake when the train backed upon him. One leg was cut off and his arm broken. He lived to be brought to the hospital and to leave messages for his dear ones. He was 21 years old and unmarried, and formerly was with Martin Dawson in this city. He leaves a young brother besides his parents to mourn his sad death. The funeral was at the Quaker church to-day.

Joseph Huttig had a serious fall Tuesday morning on the Beyer farm. He fell from a scaffolding in the barn 28 feet, striking on a saw-horse with such force as to break it. His skin was scraped off for some distance and he was severely bruised, but no bones were broken and he hopes to be around soon.

One of the Normal teachers was thrown from her bicycle Tuesday evening on Washington street, by colliding with a horse. She fell so that the buggy passed over her, but was not seriously hurt.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; B. Y. P. U., 6. No evening service.

Rev. H. M. Morey will preach in the morning, as Mr. Hutchins preaches at the North Woodward avenue Baptist church in Detroit.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.

Morning theme, "She hath done what she could."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7. Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, 11:30; Epworth League, 6; Dr. Ford's Bible class, 11:30; Intermediate League and Boys' class, 3.

Morning topic, "The Peacemaker's Privilege." Evening union service, Rev. Francis Carruthers of Marine City will preach.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIntire, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3:30; C. E., 6. Morning theme, "Charity thinketh no evil."

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 6th Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, sermon, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evensong, 5.

Christian Science services are held in the basement of the Savings Bank Building, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for July 22, "Love."

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—when used faithfully will reach chronic and difficult cases heretofore regarded as incurable by physicians and is the most reliable prescription known to clean out and completely remove every vestige of rheumatic poison from the blood. Sold by Frank Smith.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washington, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 12th day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Cyrus Mead, deceased.

Edward P. Allen, executor of said estate, having filed in this court his annual account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed, it is ordered, that the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washington.

EMORY E. LELEND,
Judge of Probate.
[A true copy.]
H. Wirt Newkirk, Register.

10 DAYS GREAT 10 DAYS CLEARANCE SALE OF SHOES

WILL BEGIN

Saturday Morning, July 21st,

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK

All odd lots of Shoes will be sold during the next 10 days at

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This will be the greatest chance ever offered in Ypsilanti for Genuine Bargains in New Footwear

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YPSILANTI, MICH.

Mohammedan Sects.

Mohammedans divide themselves into two principal sects—Shi'ah and Sunni, the Persians representing the bulk of the former, the Turks of the latter. The chief points on which they differ are the condition of the soul after death and the succession of caliphs. "The Sunni belief is that there is one immortal God, whose works are without beginning or end, and that he will be visible to the souls of the blessed, while the Shi'ahs deny the immortality of the soul and maintain that the co-existent principles of Zoroaster will forever contend for the mastery." With regard to the prophet's successors, the Sunnis claim that the lawful successor of Mohammed was Abu Bekr and after him Omar, Osman and Ali, nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed. The Shi'ahs, however, reject the first three and hold that Ali was the only legitimate successor. Shi'ahs pray but three times a day and enjoin pilgrimages to Nejed, Kerbela, Kazimain, Meshed (Persia), Samarra and Kum as well as to Mecca and Medina. Sunnis make pilgrimages only to the two latter cities and pray five times a day. From this it can be readily understood that the circumstances of the Shi'ahs being in possession of the shrines of Nejed (Meshed Ali), Kazimain and Kerbela is most displeasing to devout Shi'ahs.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Noted Talker.

Dismal stories used to be told of Lady Hester Stanhope's portentous power of talk. "I," said her hapless doctor, "have sat listening for eight, ten—nay, twelve or thirteen—hours at a time." Mr. Way remained from 3 o'clock one afternoon till dawn next morning tete-a-tete with her, and Lady Hester once kept Mr. N. so long in discourse that he fainted away. No wonder Mr. N. soon expressed a wish to return to Europe.—London Standard.

Terrible Melady.

"Isn't it ridiculous of these scientists to say kissing is dangerous?" scornfully remarked the pretty young man. "Why, of course, it's dangerous," replied the crabbled old bachelor. "What disease could it possibly lead to if we?" "Matrimony."—Philadelphia Press.

Clever Youngster.

Mamma—Now, look here, Tommy, didn't I give you a penny yesterday to be good? Tommy—Yes, ma, and I'm trying to be as bad as I can to-day just to let you see that you got a good pennyworth yesterday.

It Was Worth the Five.

A rich heiress once said complacently to a very beautiful but poor girl, "I had five offers of marriage last week." "You are more fortunate than I," said the pretty girl; "I only got declarations of love."

To the Crack of Doom.

The Colonel—I fancy your wife lost her temper today. Smith—Not a bit of it. She has an inexhaustible supply—Illustrated Bits.

An Expensive Complaint.

Howell—What is your wife's trouble? Powell—Cataract. She wants me to take her to Niagara falls.—New York Press.

Conjugal Felicitities.

"Mabel, I sometimes think you only married me for my money." "Those lucid intervals are encouraging."

Michigan Central Annual Low Rate Excursion to Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands.

Will be run on Thursday, August 2d, at very low rates from all Michigan points. Tickets good for return for twelve days, including day of sale. Tourist Sleeping Cars at greatly reduced rates will be attached to night trains at convenient points, in addition to Standard Sleeping Cars and through coaches. For full particulars call or phone. 8456 E. E. MOWKRE, Ticket Agent.

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